

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1926

NUMBER 596

Contents

The Week	312
Editorials	
Passaic—A Social Waste	315
The Political Effects of Prohibition	316
How Wild is Wild Youth?	318
General Articles	
Reflection Fever	Ray T. Tucker 320
How is Ownership Distributed?	Lewis Corey 322
By Any Other Name	Florence Guy Seabury 325
Bush League Government	Felix Ray 328
Washington Notes	T. R. B. 329
Raquel Meller	Stark Young 330
Questions and Answers	Gilbert Seldes 331
Correspondence	332
Reviews of Books	
The King of Sports	Robert Morss Lovett 334
Understanding Children	Agnes de Lima 335
Mary Benson and Son	Margaret Evans 337
Dangerous Curves Ahead	Lyman Bryson 338
The Baseless Fabric	C. E. Y. 339

The Week

WE heartily approve the desire of President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon to return the property of German citizens, amounting to at least a quarter of a billion dollars, which is still in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. Justice demands that this should be done; there are no precedents which warrant the theory that individuals should be forced to suffer confiscation because of the fact that their government engaged in war. Expediency and prudence also suggest that the United States ought not to be the power which sets up such a precedent; we are obviously destined for the rôle of the world's greatest foreign investor, and would have more to lose than anyone else, if the practice of stealing everything in sight whenever war is declared should become general. Solely from our own point of view, the sooner the Germans get their property back, the better.

AN important reason for the tardiness with which this matter has been taken up is of course the existence of claims by American citizens against the German government, totaling roughly three-fifths as much as the German property still held by us.

At no time since 1918 has Germany been financially able to pay these claims, and it would be asking too much of human nature if some Americans did not propose that we should steal the property of the German citizens and sell it in order to get the money with which to pay the German government's debt to American citizens. Secretary Mellon's plan is designed to prevent this. He would have the American claims paid by the U. S. Treasury, which would in turn be reimbursed over a period of years by Germany. His proposal has the merit of removing the temptation to commit an act which would be a stain on our national honor; but we ought to face the fact honestly that in all human probability the national treasury would lose most of the amount it advanced to the American claimants. The New Republic has repeatedly pointed out the reasons for believing that Germany cannot meet her payments under the Dawes plan. If we decide to give \$150,000,000 to our citizens who have claims against Germany, let us do it with our eyes open, spending the money as the best way out of a bad business.

BEFORE this issue of the New Republic has reached the hands of most of its readers, the British government will have been forced to make a decision of great importance. The coal subsidy expires on May 1; and as we go to press both miners and owners are firm in their refusal to accept the report of the Commission. An attempt to put it into operation against the wishes of the men will probably mean a strike, affecting not only the miners but so many of their allies in other industries that it will have the most serious consequences. The only alternative at the moment seems to be a temporary continuation of the subsidy, perhaps for another three months, camouflaged under some name which smacks less of "state control." Such a continuation, we need hardly say, will probably solve nothing. There is little reason to suppose that on August 1 either the operators or the men will be in a frame of mind different from their present one. However, continuation of the subsidy would of course indicate that Mr. Baldwin hopes in the breathing space to bring about some meeting of minds. His task is one of desperate diffi-

culty. Quite apart from the present difficulties between men and masters, the British coal trade is very sick. It has been adversely affected by the growing use of fuel oil, by hydro-electric developments, by the increasing cost of production as the mines go deeper. It is at least an open question whether the industry can be saved at all, except by measures so drastic that neither the government, the present owners, nor dominant British public opinion is ready for them.

THE Italian and Belgian debt settlements have been ratified by the Senate; the Yugoslav and Latvian arrangements are expected in the near future; the negotiations with France are proceeding along the normal "horse-trading" lines, France offering less than she expects to pay, and America demanding more than she hopes to get. We find it difficult to get excited over these various negotiations, except as an indication of our government's policy, and of the trend of opinion in the Senate. These are all political settlements. The foreign governments are actuated chiefly by the desire to resume their borrowings in the private American money market, upon which the State Department has frowned while the official debts remained unsettled; the pressure for promptness on our own side is in large part the result of a feeling that it is now or never, and particularly that if we lag behind, Great Britain will make settlements with her Continental debtors more advantageous than will subsequently be possible for us. Everyone with a grain of sense knows that these promises to pay, extending over two or even three generations, will never be fulfilled. Indeed, capacity to pay, certainly one of the vital aspects of the question, has never been adequately ascertained, and has not been, and is not being considered. The governments are once more engaged in going through the motions of pretending to agree to something which is probably impossible and which in any case most of them have no sincere intention of performing. It is an exercise in which they have had plenty of practice, the past few years.

ATTORNEY General Webb of California was recently asked by Mr. W. C. Wood, the state Superintendent of Education, whether state laws permitted the school children of that state to write, in response to a question, essays on the subject of communism. He replied in the negative. The children could not write about communism without studying it, and to study it would result in the contamination of their young minds. In this decision, Mr. Webb has carried the prevailing attitude towards communism on the part of the extremely patriotic Americans to its logical conclusion. Communism is not an error which would be exposed by being discussed. It is an unclean thing which must be ignored and suppressed. It is worse than a heresy. It is literally a tabooed subject which is as

unfit to be mentioned in the public schools as, say, the rites of some Oriental phallic cult.

A RECENT speech of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes dealing with the history of peace negotiations in Europe since Versailles contains the following illuminating passage: "The London Conference of 1924, by making it possible to put into effect the Dawes plan marked a new mental attitude—the beginning of a reign of reason after a long period of insanity." The period of insanity to which Mr. Hughes refers must be the years which elapsed between the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the London Conference of 1924. Insanity in the conduct of foreign affairs is, we should imagine, a somewhat grave and conspicuous offense against the welfare of the nations. It is culpable to conduct the foreign policy of a powerful country in an insane fashion. It is almost equally culpable to connive at such conduct. Yet Mr. Hughes was Secretary of State during the greater part of the period when these insane performances were taking place, and as they took place, they were approved by prevailing public opinion in this country as an exhibition of wise and sound foreign policy. All our sanest newspapers with one or two exceptions encouraged France to perpetrate the maddest act of all, which was the French occupation of the Ruhr. A word from Mr. Hughes to the effect that the American government regarded such a method of collecting debts as not precisely insane but of doubtful expediency would have modified the American attitude towards M. Poincaré's adventure and stiffened the only resistance to this insanity, which curiously enough came from Germany. But that word was never uttered. No doubt he was sane in an insane world. But like many fellow Republicans he associated sanity with safety.

MR. JOHN T. KING is gradually discovering that the way of the loyal party member is hard. Mr. King, as our readers may remember, is a former member of the Republican National Committee from Connecticut, one of the persons involved in the American Metal Case, now being investigated by a Federal Grand Jury. In order to get their property returned to them, the German owners of this company paid \$441,000 to several persons of whom King, it is claimed, was one. This took place during 1921, and some inquisitive person, who may safely be described as no friend of John T., thoughtfully looked up his income tax return for that year, and finds, oddly enough, that he makes no mention of receiving the contribution of the German gentlemen referred to. Mr. King's own story of that year was: gross income, \$34,529; net, \$266; tax, nothing. The government's view is: gross income, \$196,529; net, \$137,266; federal income tax, at least \$40,000. Mr. King has now lent some support to the correctness of this view by paying a tax of that amount. However, his tardi-

ness has cost him two indictments: one for perjury, and one for evasion of the revenue act. His own story about the American Metal transaction, we believe, is that the \$441,000 paid over was intended as a voluntary, purely friendly contribution to the Republican campaign deficit of 1920, without reference, of course, to the return of their sequestered property to the donors—this despite the fact that there is no entry regarding any such contribution on the books of the National Republican Committee. We can only say that if Mr. King's story is correct, he ran risks for the sake of the party which entitle him to the Grand Prix for fanatical—not to say idiotic—loyalty.

ADMITTING for the sake of argument that the crime wave exists, is more drastic punishment the way to curb it? Ever so many highly respectable people nowadays are saying that it is. Yet one weak point exists in their chain of argument which we think has not been pointed out. If punishments are made more drastic, you must not only make sure that potential criminals know this has happened: you must also make sure that potential criminals have enough intelligence to think ahead and weigh the increased risks they now run. On this matter of their ability to perform such a feat in logic, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has some interesting facts to contribute. More than 8,500 prisoners, in eleven states, were recently given careful tests. Of these one-twentieth were found to suffer from some definite and serious mental disease, such as dementia præcox or paranoia. Another eighth were mentally defective, and an eighth more were what are called "borderline cases." Nearly another fifth were psychopathic persons, described as being defective to a degree which seriously impairs their moral sensitiveness, although their appearance is sufficiently normal so that judges and juries usually hold them to be "sane" and responsible. In other words, more than half of these prisoners are mentally abnormal, which raises two interesting questions. Would increased severity of punishments be any deterrent to such individuals? Do any punishments, no matter how drastic, ever prevent their committing crimes?

OFFICIAL French birth and death rates, published the other day, confirm what has previously been pointed out, that the French birth rate is not exceptionally low. It is practically the same as that in Great Britain, and only about three points under that in the United States. The reason for the practically stationary population in France is a death rate which in the United States would be regarded as both abnormally and scandalously high. The rate for the whole population is more than 50 percent above our own, and the difference is even greater in regard to the infant death rate. This is not due to any disadvantage of France as

to climate or other irremediable factors; it is due to lack of proper sanitation, to ignorance and superstition. These are conditions which are enormously difficult to overcome, and the authorities are entitled to sympathy in the task with which they are struggling. However, it is hardly to the point to sympathize with unfortunate France as though her stationary population were an affliction, visited upon her from on high. In the first place, modern history suggests that the real curse is rather a rapidly increasing population; and in the second, the situation is due to nothing else than the backwardness of her own people. Incidentally, birth control is not an important factor limiting population, in France or any other country. Statistics on this matter are naturally obscure and unreliable, but what evidence there is goes to show that as the birth rate goes down for artificial reasons the death rate goes down with it, as fast or faster, leaving the net increase as large as ever. A point will some day be reached at which this will no longer be true, when the death rate has been reduced to something like a minimum; but this is far off, even in the United States.

AMID so much gloomy news from Europe as we have had lately, a crumb of comfort. The League of Nations has elected Major George Stephens, a Canadian, head of the commission which governs the Saar Valley, thereby assuring an administration more sympathetic with the inhabitants of the region than they have had in the past. The French have also agreed to remove their gendarmerie from the Saar, which will help to lessen the bitterness which has been felt there ever since 1919. France has been charged with the ambition to annex the Saar, and with working to insure this result in the plebiscite which will finally be held to determine the destiny of the valley. If she has such plans, she will at least find them more difficult to accomplish under Major Stephens.

WE ARE glad to note that compulsory military training has lately been abolished in at least one important seat of learning, Boston University. Heretofore reserve officers' training corps work has been obligatory for all students in the college of business administration. President Daniel L. Marsh has now announced that, beginning next year, it will be optional; those students who choose to do so may instead take a course in physical hygiene and training. Army officers in Boston, interviewed by the Herald, of that city, "were reluctant to say what will be the future of military training at the university, although they intimated that the new policy threatens the carrying on of a satisfactory training program next year." In other words, once students are not forced to take military training, the much-vaunted value of the work as preparation for life in general is not sufficiently evident to make them willing to sign up for it.

IF the leaders of Soviet Russia have a sense of humor—and we sometimes suspect that they are less richly endowed in that way than they might be—they must have chuckled last week at one item of news in the cables from London. British holders of large amounts in repudiated state bonds are seeking to have the United States aid them in getting their money back. The states which did the repudiating are five of those which seceded in the Civil War. The money loaned by British investors, the return of which is now asked, does not, however, represent war debts. In order to keep the issue clear, the owners of war bonds have renounced any claim they may have on that score. They ask only the return of money spent in industrial and commercial development. As the investors point out, the states involved are now rich and prosperous. We think it will be conceded that there is at least as good a case for the return of these sums as there is for asking the present Russian régime to repay the money loaned by the United States to its predecessor, the Kerensky government, which it overthrew by revolution. This is especially true when we remember that a large part of this money was actually paid out to the American representative of Kerensky after the revolution had taken place. But consistency is a jewel which governments rarely wear.

AS had been expected, the Congressional Committee appointed under the administration joint resolution to receive private bids for Muscle Shoals has reported in favor of an offer by subsidiaries of the Alabama Power Company. This proposal maintains the bluff that the principal use of the power is to be for producing nitrogen fertilizer; the bidder guarantees to turn out a certain number of tons annually. He also guarantees to price it at 8 percent profit on cost of production. A profit margin of 8 cents on the dollar of cost may yield a very high rate of profit indeed on the capital invested. The principal difficulty would seem to be, however, that the chief fertilizer plant at Muscle Shoals, while corresponding with the best technique known during the War, is now out of date, and is practically certain to be unable to compete economically with more recent types of plant. What will happen if the fertilizer cannot be sold either at 8 cents profit on the cost of production or at the cost of production? Will it continue to be made according to contract, while the loss is charged up to users of electric current? Or will a governmental subsidy be called for to finance the loss? Or will the contract be revised to omit the requirement for fertilizer production? Any of these results is clearly in prospect. Yet they cannot be admitted by the Committee or the administration, because the sentiment relied upon to put through private operation of the power plant is the farmers' mistaken belief that it will give them cheap fertilizer.

Passaic—A Social Waste

THE struggle of the Passaic textile workers has gained more public attention and sympathy, and has polarized more social energy, than any labor difficulty in this country for many months and yet it is proving singularly wasteful of those precious resources upon which we must rely for a better ordering of civilization. Those who are concerned with the development of a fruitful social technique have here a first class illustration of the proposition that not until we learn how to set up a series of strong functional groups and allow them scope for action can we deal with the serious maladjustments which develop in our changing industrial order.

Passaic and the neighboring towns are populated largely by mill workers, chiefly of foreign origin. These towns are unsightly and are characterized by poor housing conditions and a life which is far indeed from any reasonable ideal for a community of human beings. Surveys of wages prove that they are inadequate for decent standards. Mothers even of young children, habitually work in the mills while attempting at the same time to carry on the duties of housewife and mother. Sometimes they work at night. Insufficient provision is made for the children in their absence from home. Espionage against employes rules in the mills. Various investigators and organizations, including Bureaus of the United States government, have from time to time pointed out such deplorable conditions, but nothing has been done about them. In our happy go-lucky individualist way we have been talking of national prosperity while ignoring the fact that there is no power, no technique, to alter conditions of this sort in many places where they exist. Almost instinctively we take on the color of the prevailing business enterpriser's state of mind, which assumes that as long as profits are large and surpluses are growing everything else will be as well as may be expected.

At length the workers themselves protested against their lot, as they or their predecessors had done many times before. As long as they continued to work and live under the conditions existing, contributing their toil to the production of textiles, they were tacitly coöperating in the general scheme of things of which they were a neglected part. They therefore withdrew their coöperation, and set a price on its renewal. This was a logical step, an indispensable foothold for any advance from helplessness.

This action dramatically raised the question, and formulated the challenge. What next? A reasonable procedure would have faced the question and taken up the challenge. The employers might have denied that the plight of the workers was as bad as it was painted. They might have admitted it, but denied responsibility. But at any rate the issue would have been phrased, and intelligence would

have had something to work on. Specific lines of investigation would have been opened. What are the facts as to wages, working and living conditions? What are the facts about the employer's ability to pay wages and alter conditions in the mills? A process of assertion and denial gives place to a process of investigation and ascertainment, a discussion of the rupture of coöperation leads to a discussion of how coöperation may be resumed. Once the group consciousness of the workers is aroused and organized and once the employers and the rest of the community begin to deal with this group, a way is opened for advance—probably an arduous way, but viable. Social pressures have been mobilized in group conflict; group conflict has begun to lead to adjustment and group coöperation for the purpose of relieving the pressures. In ordinary terms, a union has been established, collective bargaining is installed, and in the end coöperation for mutual advantage—as on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—may arise.

But in Passaic this desirable social development has been blocked. Instead the controversy is raging in terms which have little to do with the sources from which it arose. The questions being debated are not what the financial situation of the companies is, what their competitive situation demands, what can be done. The questions are whether a sheriff can forbid peaceful picketing and meetings, whether a court can do the same things, under what circumstances a strike leader or sympathiser can be arrested, how high his bail should be, and on what charges he can be convicted and sentenced by the civil authorities. Nearly all the energy and resources of those who are aroused by the plight of the Passaic workers is absorbed in the struggle for civil liberties. And the greater part of the energies of the public officials who have concerned themselves with the strike is diverted away from any attempt to find a solution by the attempt to suppress the challenge.

Even in the feeble beginnings toward mediation, irrelevant questions have held the day. The principal leader of the strikers is a Communist, who is not a worker in the mills. The employers will not deal with the workers through him, the workers have declined, naturally enough, to repudiate his hitherto successful leadership of their strike. The Governor will not attempt to mediate if he insists on being present at the mediators' meeting. It is not clear that the employers will deal with any other representative. So instead of discussing what the strikers want and what can be done about it, we are discussing what Weisbord is supposed to want and what cannot be done about it. The New Republic does not argue that a Communist is the best possible workers' representative in a conciliatory attempt, or is a salutary influence in a union organization. If we had had our choice, the strikers would have found a leader of another tendency. But it would be time for the employers to object to his Communism if in a con-

ference he demanded their expropriation and the dictatorship of the proletariat, and for the union to turn him out of office if he refused to coöperate in attempts for their progressive advancement. It is futile to block the workers' immediate improvement by discussion of a possible remote revolution to be built, according to theory, on their failure to gain improvement.

Britain is now struggling with a labor difficulty in an industry more basic than textiles and in a situation which offers more immediate perils to the state. But because the workers are organized and have established their powers and rights of expression, because the public agencies recognize their group entity, the question has been intelligently formulated, the ills of the industry have been assessed, and the debate is about programs of reform. If there were no Miners' Federation of Great Britain, Premier Baldwin might not have so many worries, but on the other hand the health of the national community would be worse than it is, because the miners would be suffering degradation without any instrumentality of adjustment. The disease would be just as acute, but incapable of diagnosis or treatment.

In spite of the irrelevance of the Passaic issues, the causes of civil liberty and of organization must be carried to a finish in behalf of the strikers. Those who have any hope of a sound functional society have no choice in the matter. But there ought also to be built up from such incidents a realization, at least in the more intelligent parts of the community, that trade-unionism and collective bargaining should be encouraged as a matter of course, that their establishment should not be met by such stubborn obstacles, that the present attitude of many employers and public officials in this matter involves a waste of social resources which can hardly be repaired, and provides an insupportable menace not merely to hopes of a better nation in the future but even to the most cherished civil institutions inherited from the past. The effort to suppress workers' organization is one of the most profoundly demoralizing tendencies in the United States of our generation.

The Political Effects of Prohibition

THE question whether or not the absolute prohibition of alcoholic beverages is a desirable national policy looks superficially like a simple question, which would not severely strain the judgment of the ordinary voter. As a matter of fact it has gradually become one of the most difficult and confusing questions which a democracy has ever been called upon to decide. It has, of course, its ethical aspect, for it involves the personal conduct of every member of the community and the means which

are considered effective and just to control that conduct. It has its social aspect inasmuch as the conduct of an individual in this respect reacts in important ways upon the conduct of other people. Finally it involves, particularly in our own country, some peculiarly intricate and important political problems. Has the American nation in placing the consumption of all alcoholic beverages under the ban of the federal law exceeded the practicable and just limits within which only it is desirable to exercise political authority? And in the American system, which implies somewhat different spheres of action for the state and federal governments, should absolute prohibition be enforced by the federal government in defiance of the clearly expressed repugnance of some local communities?

The Eighteenth amendment cut the knot of an extremely complicated question of individual and social behavior by declaring all consumption of alcoholic beverages illegal. Its ratification was the clear expression of an innocent and absolute faith in the possibility of improving human conduct by state command. Those who fought to secure its adoption expected to summon the whole civic energy of the community to their assistance in an effort to get rid of a grave social evil. But the effect of reading prohibition into the federal Constitution has been the polar opposite of this expectation. A considerable minority in all communities and an emphatic majority in some are purposely violating the law or are conniving at its violation. Instead of mobilizing the civic energy of the community in the service of total abstinence, federal prohibition has dissipated the available supply of civic energy by impairing public confidence in the government. A large percentage of the American people who ordinarily abide by the law are in this respect unscrupulously and even maliciously lawless. It is prohibition which has compromised the law, not the law which has reinforced total abstinence.

Prohibitionists will not face the significance of this popular insurrection. They argue as if the united moral energy of the community were as a matter of fact engaged in bringing about obedience to the law. In another column of the present issue one fervent correspondent, Mrs. Henry James, unhesitatingly condemns to perdition the millions of Americans who refuse to allow even a federal constitutional amendment to ignore, in relation to the consumption of alcoholic beverages, the distinction between individual and social responsibility. From her point of view anybody who consumes alcohol as a beverage or refuses to support the prohibition law becomes personally responsible for the terrible evils which result from intemperance. No doubt this is the theory which gave form to the prohibition law and which alone can justify it, but it is a theory which disturbs the deeper roots of individual responsibility, and its truth for society depends upon the willingness of the American people as a whole to act on it. At the present time,

at least, a very large minority of the American people are actively and stubbornly dissenting. They refuse to have their own conduct socialized for the benefit of irresponsible weaklings. They are, consequently, either disobeying the law or conniving at its disobedience; and they will continue to abet lawlessness until they are relieved of what they take to be an unreal and distasteful responsibility or until they are forced to reform.

The prohibitionists assume that they have the benefit both of the law and of an unequivocally righteous cause. But unfortunately as soon as they obtained for their righteous cause the sanction of an absolute legal prohibition against alcoholic beverages, they compromised its righteousness by identifying it with a legal repudiation of the distinction between temperance and intemperance. By driving temperate drinkers into the same camp with the intemperate drinkers, they handed a part of the righteousness of their cause over to their opponents. In the beginning the agitation to get rid of the organized exploitation of intemperance by the saloon was a perfectly sound attempt to deal with a social evil by calling in the state, but just in proportion as the proposed remedy ignored the distinction between harmful and harmless drinking, the anti-temperance agitation became more and more political and less and less decisively ethical. When it reached the stage of absolute national prohibition, it identified social justice with the denial to the individual of perfectly innocent acts of individual conduct. Thereafter it became a morally dubious or neutral issue, which could be fought out only under the ordinary political rules. The prohibitionists may ultimately obtain obedience to the law by concentrating all the energies of the federal government on its enforcement, but considering the kind of law it is, they can never derive a sanction for its commands from a sufficiently general popular consent.

Prof. Irving Fisher in his testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee declared that the dries committed "a great tactical blunder in dropping their educational program and in turning to mere law observance. . . . What is needed is to go back to first principles and educate the public to understand that there is a reason and a good one." But Professor Fisher fails to observe that temperance reformers necessarily abandoned an "educational program" as soon as they succeeded in outlawing *all* consumption of alcoholic beverages. The people who disobey the law are rendered immune against educational propaganda by the feeling that the state is doing them personally an injustice. The issue now is whether the law can or cannot be enforced. The wets know perfectly well that if it is enforced, it can never be repealed or modified—unless perhaps the government exhausts its resources and powers in accomplishing the task and so provokes a reaction. The wets are wholly unable to agitate effectively for the modification of

prohibition except by disobeying the law or conniving at its disobedience.

If there is any truth in what we have been saying, it applies also to the arguments which in another letter E. C. M. urges against one of the recent articles of the New Republic on prohibition. This correspondent accuses us of inconsistency, because while we are doubtful about national prohibition, we approved of the regulation of child labor by the federal government. But she overlooks sharp and essential differences between the two cases. In the first place the child labor amendment merely conferred on Congress the power to legislate with respect to child labor in industry. If the Eighteenth amendment had bestowed on Congress a similar authority to legislate for the prevention of the evils of the liquor traffic we would be in favor of the amendment now, whatever we might think about the Volstead act. We have no objection to the assumption by the federal government of a share in such social responsibilities, provided it assumes them in coöperation with the states and provided the advocates of any specific proposal can prepare a good case in its favor. Our doubts about the Eighteenth amendment concern the desirability of placing the whole majesty of federal constitutional authority behind a specific, experimental, peremptory and wholesale method of dealing with a social evil which is intimately related with the private conduct of millions of American citizens. But even if the child labor amendment had assumed the form of a specific statutory prohibition rather than an enabling act, it would still as legislation have had one enormous advantage over the Eighteenth amendment plus the Volstead act. Previous experience with federal child labor statutes had proved that it could have been effectively and inexpensively enforced. It would have regulated a few industries instead of interfering with the personal habits of millions of private citizens.

The agitation over prohibition is steadily becoming even to a greater extent than is usual in political controversies a matter of mutual recrimination and abuse, and unfortunately there is a reason for this acrimony which will not quickly disappear. It is not easy to discuss politely a law which can only be fought by being violated. The prohibition amendment, as realized in the Volstead act, will endure if it can be enforced. It will not endure if it cannot be enforced. The American people have to decide during the next few years whether they are willing to pay the price in money and in political enervation, futility and dissension which the enforcement of the Volstead act will require. Until this question is decided, the discussion of the best alternative to that act cannot obtain much reality. The decision turns upon a struggle for power between two factions which are stimulated by the nature of the issue to be fierce and uncompromising in carrying on the fight.

It is questionable whether the Volstead act will

ever be enforced with sufficient success to justify its perpetuation. A completely equipped administrative and judicial machine, manned by devout believers in the righteousness of prohibition, could no doubt shrink the violation of the law to tolerable limits, but the thorough-going prohibitionists can scarcely create such a machinery of administration unless they organize a party of their own and elect a President and Congress. They certainly will never obtain sufficiently loyal and vigorous enforcement from the two parties so many of whose leaders themselves violate the law. American politics is too good-natured, opportunistic and irresponsible to undertake the colossal administrative task of imposing the prohibitionist taboo on millions of American citizens. The certain result of continuing to try will be to cheapen, sterilize and disorganize for an indefinite period the political effort of the American people. The testimony of Mayor Dever of Chicago to this effect was one of the two or three illuminating passages of the hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee. He is perfectly right in anticipating with grave alarm the probable effect either of enforcing the Volstead act or of continuing to connive at its violation. There is a grave discrepancy between the moralistic socialism of prohibition and the easy-going individualism of American personal conduct and manners. If the Volstead act is neither modified nor enforced, the two refusals will amount to a confession of American political bankruptcy. Having tried and failed to govern each other too much, the American people will find it increasingly difficult to govern themselves at all.

How Wild Is Wild Youth?

IT seems to be an accepted axiom nowadays that our young people are going to the devil. Press, pulpit and publicist are agreed that youth is wild and getting wilder. The college boy and his flapper friend, it is charged, drink, pet and are disrespectful to their elders; while the neighborhood gangster, aided by his youthful sweetie and stimulated by the false courage of heroin or cocaine, robs and murders with casual calmness long before he is out of his teens.

Most of this lamentation, of course, is based on theory and not on fact. Those who indulge in it have read in the papers of a few sensational cases like the Leopold-Loeb affair, or have witnessed some of the post-Prohibition drinking parties in which youth, imitating the practice of its elders, indulges. The reasoning is almost always from the particular to the general, a type of argument which is as dangerous in this case as usual.

Recognizing that this is true, the Children's Bureau of the United States Bureau of Labor recently undertook to throw a little light, of a really scientific character, on this question. If youth is as wild

as is represented, and the wildness extends through all classes, the results certainly ought to be reflected in the records of the juvenile courts and the institutions in which delinquents are detained. Accordingly, a careful study was made of the statistics dealing with the subject. The figures investigated included delinquency rates in fourteen of the leading cities of the United States and an analysis of the age distribution of the adult population of prisons, reformatories, jails and workhouses, from 1880 to 1923. The latter was done in order to see whether there is any truth in the current assumption that the average criminal is now younger than formerly. In regard to the delinquency rates, the Bureau is careful to point out that no comparison of one city with another is possible, as the methods of keeping statistics are almost never the same. However, a comparison of different periods in the same city is perfectly possible, and highly illuminating.

In nearly all of these fourteen cities, the delinquency rates per 1,000 children of "delinquency age" were decidedly lower in 1924 or 1925 than in 1915. There was a not very surprising increase during the war period, 1917 to and including 1919; but in most cities the downward trend thereafter was marked. Even in a community like Detroit, which showed a slight increase in delinquency in 1924 as compared to 1915, the 1924 figure is smaller than during the War. Moreover, in Detroit there are possible explanations for an increase in juvenile delinquency which would not apply to other communities—for example, the vast recent increase in population, including many foreign-born parents who always find it difficult to control their English-speaking offspring. Much more typical of the general trend is the condition in Chicago, where the rate was formerly averaged around five or six delinquents per annum per thousand children, and since 1920 has been three or four; or New York, where it dropped from 11.1 to 6.8. Boston, Buffalo, New Orleans, Providence, Richmond, St. Louis and Washington all showed a decrease from the first to the last year studied, while Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Seattle showed slight increases. In none of these three cities, however, were 1925 figures available.

When we come to study the records of delinquents (below the age of 18) committed to institutions, we find that the number in proportion to population declined markedly between 1910 and 1923, the latest year for which figures are available. This was in the face of growing efficiency of operation, better record-keeping and other factors which in theory should mean a larger number of commitments in proportion to population. In 1910, the admissions to institutions were 171.7 per 100,000 children, including dependent children who, at that time, were often herded in with the delinquents. In 1923 the ratio was only 156.5 per 100,000, not including dependents. Even if the latter had been

counted in, the figure for 1923 would still be only 161.

It is true that in 1923, the proportion of children imprisoned for serious crimes, homicide, robbery and burglary, was nearly twice as large as in 1910—16.3 percent of all commitments as against 8.5. However, this does not mean any increase in the number of children committing such crimes, but only that nowadays they are sent in larger numbers to juvenile delinquency institutions, instead of being put into prisons with adult wrongdoers. In 1910 the percentage of children committing such crimes was 7 per 100,000, and in 1923 it had declined to 6.8.

Figures regarding the average age of prisoners tell a similar story. It is not possible to make comparisons, based on prison population, for those under eighteen years of age, since nowadays these are put into separate institutions. Among those eighteen or older there is no indication of an increase. In 1923, only 9.4 percent of the commitments were of prisoners between the ages of eighteen and twenty, as compared with 9.8 percent in 1904, 12.1 in 1890 and 11.8 in 1880. There has been no increase in the proportion of prisoners between twenty-one and twenty-four, in the past two decades, or even in the group from twenty-five to thirty-four years of age. A slight increase is noted between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four; apparently it is Wild Middle Age which we ought to be viewing with alarm!

These statistics, the reliability of which is beyond question, do not of course show that all the ululations of the alarmed editorial writers and preachers are unjustified. Youth may really be wild, in a fashion which does not get itself reflected in the delinquency and prison statistics. In so far, however, as the complaint has been made of youthful criminals as a new phenomenon, it is clearly without foundation. And certainly whatever wildness of youth exists, if it be not serious enough to draw the attention of the law, cannot be worth as much excitement, as many millions of words of frenzied exhortation, as it has been receiving.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

Reelection Fever

WHAT price Congressional glory?

If one were to seek a title for the political drama now being enacted on the floor of both House and Senate, he could find no more appropriate one than this paraphrase of Laurence Stallings's and Maxwell Anderson's war play. The sole ambition of the thirty-two Senators and 435 Representatives who must face the voters next fall seems to be to obtain for themselves sufficient glory and publicity to insure their return to Washington.

What may the price be? It may require the sacrifice of ideals and of reputations for disinterested public service. It may call for the introduction of freak and impossible legislation designed only to reverberate on the front pages of home town newspapers. But whatever it is, there is hardly a Senator or Representative who doesn't seem willing to pay it.

The reelection fever rages in Congress with greater intensity than in many a year. There are definite reasons therefor. The Frankenstein's monster of politics known as Prohibition is stalking abroad once more to strike fear in the hearts of its assailants and advocates. The wets worry lest their district has become wetter than they are, and another candidate may turn up with a stronger claim to a nomination. The dries are in a panic lest there has been a reversal of public sentiment, and they may find themselves swimming against an alcoholic tide.

This, with its related issues, is perhaps the chief reason for high temperatures and flushed faces; but there are others. Congress has been forced to consider many controversial subjects which cut across the welfare and desires of various groups among 117,000,000 Americans. Confusion reigns almost everywhere on such questions as the World Court, the debt settlements, taxes and a score of lesser problems.

Public opinion is in a muddled, doubtful, querulous, critical state. The early post-war willingness to accept without questioning any means designed to bring us back to "normalcy" has disappeared. In its place is a tendency to examine more closely the political, economic and government panaceas proposed by those in or out of office. The average man would like to bite the hand hustling him into a new order, and look around. He doesn't care to be kidnapped into prosperity and peace.

Conservatives are wondering whether the nation hasn't become more liberal than it was when it gave Calvin Coolidge a mandate to conduct the government about on the plane on which Elbert Gary manages the United States Steel Corporation. On the other hand, the progressives would like to know whether the people really are as prosper-

ous as many would have us believe, and as perfectly satisfied with things as they are.

It is a topsy-turvy world for the candidates. The old issues that were always good for tumultuous applause and a tremendous majority—the tariff, reciprocity, the full dinner-pail, America for the Americans—are as dead as that well known mortuary example, the dodo.

Besides, the American electorate doesn't vote for a personality or a principle, but against him and it. The voters' natural sympathy, except where a Tammany grinds them into an unchanging pattern, is for the "outs" as against the "ins." So the average Congressman, out of touch with his district for the greater part of a year, approaches this reelection with the feeling of a patient entering a dentist's office. Anything may happen; a nameless fear besets him, no matter how safe a district he has.

Symptoms of the reelection fever are numerous and complicated, and only one who has had intimate contact with those afflicted can detect them. Rarely has the disease broken out in such virulent and widespread form as here and now. This Congress is beyond recovery; the only remedy is a reelection, which thus appears in the guise of both cause and cure.

Senators are naturally more immune to the sickness, as a rule, but every day in every way the Senate betrays its belief in vaccination. For the first time in American history it has insisted upon *permanent* secrecy regarding a roll call lest its publication should cripple the chances of certain Western members. The Ku Klux Klan proclaimed undying opposition to the confirmation of Thomas F. Woodlock for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and discerning medicos in the upper chamber prescribed a secret ballot.

The defeat of Senator McKinley in the Illinois primaries, partly on the World Court issue, will make his associates even more cautious against exposure than they have been in the past. At least nine Senators, of whom five are among the most outstanding in that body, have shown that their immunity is only skin deep. They range from such organization sheep as Ernst of Kentucky and Willis of Ohio to such usually courageous souls as Wadsworth of New York and Cummins of Iowa. The rest of the nine are Gooding of Idaho, Moses of New Hampshire, Pepper of Pennsylvania, Dale of Vermont and Lenroot of Wisconsin.

Each has his own methods of coddling his constituents; it all depends on knowing what they want, and the man who hasn't that information doesn't belong in Congress. Senator Gooding, for instance, battled mightily for his long-and-short haul bill in the face of the overwhelming likelihood that it could not pass. An obliging Senate gave several

full days to it and may thereby have reelected the Senator. So with Senator Cummins, who shouted himself blue in the face for farm legislation even against the President's wishes.

Mr. Moses of New Hampshire, one of the keenest minds and most penetrating analysts in the Senate, has lapsed into unwonted silence for fear he may analyze himself out of his job. The people of New Hampshire are long on Calvin Coolidge and short on analysis, so Mr. Moses is temporarily guiding himself accordingly. The Senate for the nonce may lose the benefit of his wit and advice, but he may also remain to analyze for another six years.

Senator Willis has merely to talk and talk and talk against modification or repeal of the dry laws to keep the favor of the people of his home state, which gave birth to the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Every time Mr. Willis speaks, the nation becomes 100 percent drier. At least 100 percent.

Among those who aim to please by tagging along with the President are Senators Pepper of Pennsylvania and Dale of Vermont. The latter, though no great political intimate of Calvin Coolidge, now accepts the President's slightest nod as law to make amends for an erring past. The scholarly Mr. Pepper—he would not be recognized without the descriptive prefix—walks in Mr. Coolidge's shadow; the Pennsylvanian even disowned his own World Court reservations when he learned they pained Mr. Coolidge.

So long as Senator Pepper thinks Mr. Coolidge is the greatest President since Lincoln and Andrew W. Mellon the ablest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, he feels he will retain the favor of the conservative burghers of the Keystone state. He will need the aid of both men, however, for Congressman Bill Vare, Philadelphia boss, and Governor Pinchot are hot on his trail. Though Mr. Pepper formerly accepted favors and support from Mr. Vare, now the Senator cries aloud that the voters "pitch Vare into the river." The language is the Senator's, and though not in his usual lofty and academic vein, it comes from his heart.

Senator Wadsworth is more skilled in political manœuvring than these others, and well he must be, for he may have as his opponent the only "Al" Smith himself, the magic figure who can pull 500,000 majority out of New York city and 125,000 out of the state; who has but to stick a cigar in the side of his cheek and plump a brown derby astride his pear-shaped head—the shape of which explains why he wears his hats askew—to paralyze Republican leaders of city and state.

Mr. Wadsworth is perhaps the most sincere and audacious Tory in the Senate. He grounds his beliefs on fundamentals as he sees them rather than in the shifting quicksands where may be found the roots of most politicians' convictions. Yet this year

he introduced a mothers' pension bill for the District of Columbia and urged liberalization of the 1924 immigration act with an amendment which would permit the entrance of a large number of additional aliens.

Both moves ought to be good for thousands of votes in the metropolis. Against such a human and charming figure as "Al," either as candidate or endorser of candidates, the Senator's greatest asset will be this proof of his readiness to aid the downtrodden. It will also furnish New York Republicans with some human stuff to use down in the vast tenement reaches which now look to Tammany, in time of stress, for everything from a hod of coal to funeral expenses.

In the House the reelection illness has assumed the proportions of a plague. It has almost depopulated the chamber; members are spending weeks in their home districts sounding out sentiment by means of barber shop talks, curbstone arguments, and parlor discussions.

The fever leaps across geographical boundaries; it mocks at quarantine signs. The holy and anointed Mr. Upshaw of Georgia, with seven candidates seeking his seat, becomes more rabidly dry each day; not so long ago he announced his willingness to attack the Roman hierarchy from the Pope down if any dared to criticize the results of prohibition. Meanwhile, members from New York and points wet, where night life is losing its zest in the face of Emory Buckner's padlocking of supper clubs, cheer more blatantly than ever for beer and wine, of unlimited alcoholic content.

Republican members from the zero-weather country, despite their desire to support Mr. Coolidge's laissez-faire coal policy, have bombarded the appropriate House committee with demands that it frame an emergency coal bill. The letters appeared almost daily during the strike, but as soon as they had been published in the newspapers, their authors lost interest. The committee is now holding hearings, not with any expectation of drawing a real bill, but to give the harassed members a chance to tell their districts what great men they are. Mr. Treadway of Massachusetts, although an exalted member of the Republican steering committee, trod close to heresy about the time when the Bay state's coal ran out and the winds off the ocean blew high.

Congressman Lankford of Georgia, who has a constituency of transplanted Puritans—sterner and more rockbound than those who settled at Plymouth—would transform the District of Columbia into a graveyard on Sundays. His blue law would even force the President to lay up the Mayflower on the Sabbath. It has reached all the front pages in his district, where reports of his working all day Sunday in his office never will catch up.

Floor Leader Tilson of Connecticut never loses a chance to dilate on the efficiency of "my" Congress, and on the days when the man from the Nut-

meg state is not in evidence, Speaker Longworth is making clear that there has never been such a body as "his" Congress.

Mr. Vare, though he can ill afford the time from his Philadelphia headquarters, has made several hurried trips to the capitol. On one occasion his purpose was to tell the Senate Judiciary Committee how dripping wet he was. Another time he rushed back to his post of duty to insert in the Congressional Record a speech on behalf of increased pensions for Spanish War veterans.

It looked for an hour or two as if Mr. Vare would not get an opportunity to make a two-minute speech, and thus receive permission for inserting a half-hour dissertation on the debt we owe the soldiers—all soldiers. During that period he was a pitiful sight to behold; but Congress takes care of its own, and he got it in.

Congressman Jacobstein of New York is an interesting sufferer. Classed as a dry for years, he aspires to the Democratic nomination against Wadsworth. He realizes of course that he can't become an entry unless he can discover some virtue in the anti-prohibition cause. There never was such a metamorphosis as his. One morning at breakfast he was a "sensible dry," at noon he stood for a referendum to ascertain the people's will and at night he found he never had thought much of sumptuary legislation.

Consider Ogden L. Mills, the actual leader of Manhattan's Republican machine. His is a "blue stocking" district carved out for him by the Republican Legislature; its main thoroughfares are Park and Fifth Avenues. Four years ago, however, the Democrats, sensing a changing complexion of the district, put up a prominent German-American, and Mr. Mills was elected by only 1,900 votes. It was not by chance, therefore, that the administration graciously allowed Mr. Mills to become the nominal author and actual introducer of the alien property bill designed to turn back German property in a hurry. Mr. Mellon, knowing a thing or two about practical politics, forged the weapon and placed it in Mr. Mills's waiting hand. And it has been useful, despite the temporary embarrassment caused by revelations that a corporation in which he is interested would benefit from the proposed law.

The diagnosis could run on almost endlessly. It would include such things as an increasing number of congratulatory letters to the parents of every baby born in a Congressman's district, to all who have entered matrimony or received a business promotion, to the girls who have been graduated and to the boys who have flunked, to all who should be reminded that *their representative* is glad that they are glad. Then there are black bordered notes of condolence. Providence's concern for the fall of a sparrow does not compare with a Congressman's gladness or sorrow for those in his district who make merry or mourn—for of such is the kingdom of politicians.

Lastly, if there is a Rotary club, grammar school, university, men's bible class or turnverein which needs a speaker to grace any kind of a function this summer, whether it be a debate on the Einstein theory or a strawberry festival, that body has only to summon its Representative or Senator. No matter how he may despise going on tour and exhibition, he will accept by return wire and he will pay his own expenses. For this is the year of the great reelection, when many want to be called and many want to be chosen—but there are seats for only 467.

RAY T. TUCKER.

How is Ownership Distributed?

THE multiplication of stockholders is developing a mythology about the facts of corporate ownership. Captains of industry and labor union bankers ecstatically insist that "the masses" are becoming the owners of corporate enterprises; others proclaim a "revolution in corporate ownership"; while one imaginative sociologist fantastically dreams of "laborers becoming capitalists and capitalists laborers." This mythology assumes that:

1. Corporate ownership is being "democratized" by the enormous increase in stockholders: from 4,400,000 (1900) to about 15,000,000.

2. The stockholdings of the large investors have declined, are declining, and will continue to decline.

3. In this redistribution of stockholdings the wage earners are the largest beneficiaries: in consequence an era is approaching of corporate ownership and management by the working class.

These assumptions are capable of statistical proof in one particular alone: the multiplication of stockholders. An analysis of material in Statistics of Income, issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, fails to support the other assumptions.

In 1923, the year for which the material is most comprehensive, dividends paid by all corporations (exclusive of stock dividends) amounted to \$4,169,117,678. The largest distribution was \$3,126,503,482 to individuals filing income-tax reports, as follows: Incomes of \$1,000-\$3,000, \$262,522,770; \$3,000-\$5,000, \$421,345,974; \$5,000 up, \$2,442,634,738. Corporations received dividends of \$870,087,795. The balance, \$172,526,401, was distributed among foreign investors, institutions (other than corporations) and individual American stockholders not filing income-tax reports. An accurate apportionment of dividends among these groups is difficult, but a rough estimate is that foreign investors received \$15,000,000, institutions \$27,500,000, individual Americans \$130,000,000. Thus \$3,256,000,000, 78 percent of all dividends, was distributed among individual American stockholders, equivalent (assuming percentage of dividends equals percentage of stock) to \$62,500,000,000 of stock individually owned (total capital stock in 1923 was roughly \$80,000,000,000).

Of the 7,700,000 income taxpayers (1923) per-

haps 7,000,000 were stockholders, as follows: Incomes of \$1,000-\$3,000, 5,000,000; \$3,000-\$5,000, 1,400,000; \$5,000 up, 600,000. There remain about 8,000,000 stockholders who received \$130,000,000 dividends, or 4 percent (probably overestimated) not included in the income-tax reports.

On the basis that each group's percentage of dividends equals the percentage of stock owned, we get the following results:

APPROXIMATE DISTRIBUTION OF STOCKHOLDINGS (1923)

Income Group	Number in Group	Stock Owned	Percent of Total Stk.	Average Holdings
\$5000 up	600,000	\$46,875,000,000	75.0	\$78,125
\$3,000-\$5,000	1,400,000	8,065,000,000	12.9	5,760
Below \$3,000	5,000,000	5,060,000,000	8.1	1,010
Not reporting ...	8,000,000	2,500,000,000	4.0	310
	15,000,000	\$62,500,000,000	100.0	\$ 4,165

Clearly the multiplication of stockholders is not equivalent to the democratization of corporate ownership. The statistics reveal overwhelming concentration: 600,000 stockholders, or 4 percent, own 75 percent of the individual holdings; while 8,000,000 stockholders, or 53.3 percent, own 4 percent. Combining the two most possessive groups, 13.3 percent of the stockholders own 87.9 percent of the holdings.

In fact, a superconcentration of corporate control is accompanying the multiplication of stockholders. Reforms, such as the prohibition of non-voting common stock, are being proposed in order to realize corporate democracy. But the elimination of abuses would not materially matter, since fundamental concentration of corporate control necessarily arises out of the prevailing concentration of ownership.

But, it is argued, the significant development is that there is a decline of stockholdings on top and an increase below: the tendency is toward decentralizing of stockholdings in favor of "the masses."

This conception is interwoven with that of a developing "equalization" of income. During 1917-1921 there was a steady decline in the share of the national income received by incomes of \$5,000 up. This was seized upon by the imaginative sociologist as proof of a development toward the "equalization" of income which, combined with the "democratization" of corporate ownership, would revolutionize the social order. The temporary nature of this development, however, was manifest when the decline reversed itself in 1922. In 1924 incomes of \$5,000 up were receiving, according to good estimates, a share of the national income considerably larger than in 1916—a year of abnormal war profits.

That the decline in stockholdings of the more wealthy was equally temporary, paralleling income developments, is indicated by the following table of the trend of dividends received by income groups over a period of years (in percentages):

DISTRIBUTION OF DIVIDENDS AMONG INCOME GROUPS (1917-1924)

Year	\$1,000-\$3,000	\$3,000-\$5,000	\$5,000-\$20,000	\$20,000 and up
1917			25.8	64.7
1918	5.6	8.5	28.6	57.3
1919	5.2	8.1	29.2	57.5
1920	5.5	8.1	31.5	54.9
1921	13.5	9.2	30.5	46.8
1922	9.9	8.5	29.1	52.5
1923	8.4	13.5	26.7	51.4
1924	7.7	12.2	23.3	56.8

The 1916 statistics are excluded as incomplete. The 1917 report does not tabulate incomes below \$2,000, and includes together the \$2,000-\$4,000 incomes. Source: Statistics of Income, 1917-1924.

These statistics are scarcely of revolutionary significance. The stockholdings of incomes below \$3,000 ("the masses") increased precisely 2.1 points. The 1921 distribution was abnormal and of no particular significance, as the crisis depressed many incomes below their class levels with a consequent gain in the lowest level.

Yet it is precisely the 1921 statistics which are used to prove a development toward decentralization of corporate ownership. Thus a statement by a well known financier: "It is estimated that 53 percent of all dividends paid today goes to people with incomes of less than \$20,000." Not "today," however, but 1921: in 1924 incomes below \$20,000 received 43 percent of dividends, a decline of 10 points under 1921. Again the same authority, "In 1917 incomes below \$5,000 received 9.5 percent of dividends, and 22.7 percent in 1921." But in 1924 this class received 19.9 percent, a decline of 2.8 points under 1921.

The decline of stockholdings of incomes of \$20,000 up is considered particularly important. But what are the facts? This class received 64.7 percent of dividend payments in 1917 and 46.8 percent in 1921, a loss of 17.9 points. But 1922 began a reversal which culminated in 1924, when incomes of \$20,000 up received 56.8 percent of dividends—a recovery of 10 points over 1921 and only 7.9 points lower than in 1917. The decline, clearly, was a temporary development which is now being "normalized" into its direct opposite.

Combining all incomes of \$5,000 up, there is a decline of 10.4 points under 1917 and a recovery of 2.8 points over 1921. This decline is not necessarily the product of a fundamental tendency toward the decentralization of corporate ownership. It appears to be the combined product of a temporary decline in income and a shift to other investments. During 1917-1924 this class invested approximately \$12,000,000,000 in tax-exempt and foreign securities. With a larger share of the national income and lower surtax rates this class (particularly incomes of \$20,000 up) should materially increase its stockholdings, in spite of other investments.

But the fact still remains that the share in corporate ownership of incomes of \$5,000 up declined 10.4 points. Who gained by that decline? Incomes below \$5,000, obviously. But what are the implica-

tions? The impassioned prophets of "the revolution in corporate ownership" answer: to "the masses of the people," the working class. But incomes below \$5,000 do not constitute a single homogeneous class. Incomes of \$3,000-\$5,000 represent overwhelmingly others than wage earners—merchants, professionals, brokers, small manufacturers, etc. Combining all incomes of \$3,000 up as of the non-wage-earners, we get the following result:

DIVIDENDS RECEIVED BY NON-WAGE-EARNERS

1918....	94.4	1921....	86.5
1919....	94.8	1922....	90.1
1920....	94.5	1923....	91.6
1924....	92.3		

These percentages clearly reveal the situation: there is little development apparent of any immediate or potential distribution of corporate ownership among wage-earners. There has been a redistribution of stockholdings and dividend income, but within the propertied classes, the losses of the upper layers being absorbed almost exclusively by the lower. A decline of 2.1 points is comparatively unimportant, and appears, moreover, to be temporary. American development parallels the British, where a multiplication of stockholders was revealed as favoring the middle class and not the wage-earners.

Apparently the working-class share in corporate ownership is 7.7 percent. Actually the percentage is much lower. Incomes below \$3,000 include wage-earners, farmers and tradesmen. The 1916 Income Report classified occupations, but the practice was discontinued; it is therefore difficult to isolate the class divisions in this group. But as the overwhelming majority of wage-earners and farmers receive incomes below \$2,000, we may assign the dividends of the \$2,000-\$3,000 group, which was 4.1 percent in 1924, to non-wage-earners; while the dividends of incomes below \$2,000 (3.3 percent) we may assign 2 percent to wage-earners and 1.3 percent to farmers (although there are non-wage-earners and non-farmers in this group). The 4 percent of dividends of stockholders not filing income reports (1923 percentage) we may distribute 1 percent farmers, 5 percent workers and 2.5 percent others. The percentages now become: wage-earners 2.5 percent, farmers 2.3 percent, non-wage-earners with incomes up to \$5,000, 18.3 percent; those with incomes of \$5,000-\$20,000, 22.4 percent; those with incomes above \$20,000, 54.5. Assuming that percentage of dividends equals percentage of stockholdings, the results are:

CLASS DISTRIBUTION OF CORPORATE OWNERSHIP (1924)

Class	Stock Owned	Percent
Farmers	\$1,520,000,000	
Wage-earners	1,650,000,000	
Non-wage-earners:		
Below \$5,000.....	12,080,000,000	
\$5,000-\$20,000	14,780,000,000	22.4
Above \$50,000.....	35,970,000,000	54.5
	\$66,000,000,000	100.0

The margin of error in these calculations is slight in the upper groupings. In the lower, the farmers' share is probably underestimated, that of the wage-earners overestimated. But minor percentage shifts would not seriously alter the class characterization. Corporate ownership is a non-wage-earning class monopoly (exclusive of farmers) of 95 percent at least, 76.9 percent being concentrated among those with incomes above \$5,000.

That the working class share in corporate ownership is absolutely and relatively insignificant is confirmed by the facts of employe stock ownership. There is an intensive drive by all large corporations to secure employe stockholders, all sorts of inducements being offered—extra dividends for employe stockholders, the corporation contributing part of the purchase price, and stock given outright as a bonus in place of profit sharing. Nevertheless, the holdings of 6,500,000 employe stockholders amount to only \$500,000,000.* According to this, our estimate of \$1,700,000,000 as the working class share in corporate ownership may be too large, since employe stockholders, being under pressure to buy, are apt to be the largest owners of stock.

The public utility corporations are responsible for the largest increase in stockholders. Since 1918 they have secured 3,500,000 new stockholders; but of these only 500,000 are employes, while the percentage of wage-earners among the others is very small.

Characteristic of employe stock ownership is the experience of the United States Steel Corporation, which immediately upon its organization initiated an intensive drive for employe stockholders. There are (December 1925) 47,647 employe stockholders, which is 30 percent of all stockholders; in 1903 the percentage was 65 percent. In 1921, 42 percent of all United States Steel employes were stockholders, but the percentage is now only 19 percent. During twenty-two years employes subscribed to shares having a present market value of \$200,000,000; the shares now actually owned are worth about \$80,000,000, which is 9 percent of the market value of total capital stock (March 1926). Unemployment, strikes, illness and death compel employe stockholders to lapse in their payments or sell stock already acquired. It is a Sisyphus business, this accumulation of stock by wage-earners.

In so far as wage-earners invest in mutual life insurance or other savings corporations which hold dividend-paying stock, they indirectly receive dividends. But the amount is comparatively trifling. Thus, in 1923, corporations concerned with "finance, banking, insurance, etc." received \$228,840,224, or 5.5 percent of all dividends. Only a small share of this would reappear in the form of interest on working-class savings deposits or in-

* Albert W. Atwood, *The New Ownership*, Saturday Evening Post, February 13, 1926, p. 122. Mr. Atwood says: "Labor makes only an absolute, not a relative gain. . . . What we really have is a vast middle-class rather than a proletarian movement."

insurance policies. Of the \$10,381,000,000 admitted assets of all American life insurance companies, \$2,907,127,000 consists of stocks and bonds (N. Y. Journal of Commerce, December 4, 1925.) The capitalization of all American corporations is approximately \$120,000,000,000—\$90,000,000,000 stock and \$30,000,000,000 bonds. Life-insurance holdings, therefore, are about 2.4 percent of the aggregate corporate capitalization. Since wage-earners are not the only savings depositors and insurance policy holders, the indirect dividends they may receive do not materially affect the situation. Moreover, this applies merely to the contention about the incomes of wage-earners, not at all to the control exercised by them through direct stock ownership.

The conclusions of this statistical investigation are clear:

1. Stockholders are multiplying, but corporate

ownership is not being democratized. In 1924, 4.6 percent of stockholders owned 76.9 percent stock, a net gain of 1.4 points over 1923.

2. Of the decline in stockholdings of the large investors (incomes \$20,000 up) almost two-thirds was recovered by 1924, and the tendency is again for their share in corporate ownership to increase.

3. The working class has slightly increased its stockholdings, but this gain is absolute and not relative. The real gains have been scored by the middle class.

4. The class concentration of corporate ownership is not being broken, nor are there any indications of its being broken.

5. Under prevailing conditions we are not approaching, either immediately or potentially, working class ownership and management of corporate industry.

LEWIS COREY.

By Any Other Name

A YEAR or so after it happened, I saw him in the public library, a shabby, wistful figure and a face lined by sorrow. It seemed hardly possible that this drooping, pathetic young-old man had once been an idolized professor in the university. As I watched him, aimlessly looking through books and encyclopædias, his story came back to me.

He was Professor Jasper Whiting, widely known as a rising economist, a writer with a keen-edged pen, a forceful speaker. And now—a man without a job, a sort of intellectual derelict. The tragic part of it was that he had done nothing to deserve dismissal. Mrs. Jasper Whiting had won the unwelcome notoriety. An ardent bolshevik, a waver of the red flag, she had kept his name so constantly in the newspapers with her agitation for free speech and her campaign for communism that it seemed best to the president and to the trustees to have him go.

Seeing him there, broken through no fault of his own, I began to realize that the plan for separate names after marriage is less of a joke than most people think. Here was a man whose chief misfortune was that he had fallen in love with a woman whose charm was tempered by positive convictions on unpopular subjects, one whose personality, being the more aggressive, dominated the partnership. Jasper cared for her deeply, no one doubted that, but in giving her his name he lost his freedom as an individual. His identity was taken from him because it merged with hers. Being the loud speaker, it was her voice that carried. It is often that way in marriage. A dominant woman can easily put her husband quite off the map.

That evening, meeting a friend, I spoke of Professor Whiting's plight and we discussed the ethics

of names. It seemed the matter was somewhat on his mind, too.

"Do you remember Patrick O'Tooley?" he asked. "Speaking of tragedy, if some Gorky or Turgenev had inside copy on that it would make a fine Russian story, sad enough for anybody."

"I seem to recall the name, but wasn't it Mrs. Patrick who ran for the Assembly so many times?"

"It was. She is still running for it every year or so but she hasn't caught up with it yet."

"What about him? Wasn't he active in politics?"

"He was indeed. That's just the trouble. Pat is self-made—typical career—newsboy, bar-keep, district captain—a sort of genius with people. He built up a big contracting business and was all ready to run for sheriff when Mrs. O'Tooley decided to go in for politics, too. Her children were grown, money was plentiful and she had a servant to do the housework. Pat being a Democrat, she hadn't much show with that party. She had a grouch on the Republicans because one of their district women had snubbed her. So she joined an independent committee and plunged in to help put both parties out of business.

"Pat didn't take it seriously at first. He called her the champion baby-kisser and picnic-giver for using the regular district way of getting votes. But one night, reading a newspaper on the street-car, he saw a picture of himself, Mrs. O'Tooley and their six children, a group taken to send his mother in the old country. There was a big headline, MRS. PATRICK O'TOOLEY WILL PURIFY POLITICS and a long interview on the wickedness of the Democratic party, telling of its evil ways and why women must not vote for its candidates.

"O'Tooley could hardly get home; he was sick about it. A practical man, he knew everybody

would think Mrs. Patrick was speaking for him. And they did. Her words were widely quoted as his. He had quite a row with her that evening. She's a mulish kind and was set on the idea that she had a right to go on with her career. It was her name, too, she insisted. He tried to show her how she would ruin him, how he could not run for sheriff if she were organizing women voters against the party and how his business would go to the dogs since all his big contracts came through the district leaders. When she realized that bread and butter might be at stake she let up for a while. But it was too late. Patrick could not live down her interview. Nobody in the party felt absolutely certain about him. Everybody realized, too, that she was an uncertain factor. Even his best friends admitted that it would be a mistake to nominate him for sheriff."

My friend nodded his head sadly. "A finer man never lived. He's down and out now. Everybody's forgotten what he did for the old Tenth. He's just Mrs. O'Tooley's husband."

While I was listening to the story, I saw again the tired eyes of Jasper Whiting. It was a case like his although the setting was so different. Here was another man whose identity had been taken from him because his name was linked not with his own activities but with those of his wife. As an individual Patrick had been snuffed out. He was only an adjunct to Mrs. O'Tooley. Mrs. O'Tooley's husband!

There is something deeply pathetic in the words. They lack even the possibilities implied in being the unknown wife of a well known man. Unknown women often have a certain degree of individuality and of influence in their own circles but about the submergence of man there is something final and complete. Recall the husbands of certain famous women. Mr. Siddons and Mr. Leslie Carter are forever linked with the stage; Mr. Humphrey Ward connotes a long list of novels; Mr. Winslow of the Soothing Syrup and Mr. Lydia G. Pinkham have become immortal as medicine bottles and *Monsieurs Récamier* and *de Staël* have been written into history as part of the furnishings of their wives' salons. Poor Mr. Grundy, perhaps the greatest victim of all, no matter how affable and tolerant, will always be disliked as a censorious and narrow-minded gossip.

In times of marital differences, it is the custom for a man to insert an advertisement in the newspapers to the effect that Jane Doe having left his bed and board he will no longer be responsible for her debts. How much easier it is, though, for a man to settle a few bills in time of crises than to have to pay a perpetual charge account on his wife's opinions and personality.

Until the present, the matter of man's eclipse was somewhat accidental. He was more to be pitied than blamed if his wife turned out to be strong-minded. Nowadays, however, the most un-

likely females become inspired with new thoughts and develop careers overnight. Instead of putting a quietus on activity, marriage often proves a stimulus and a man who selects a wife on the theory that she will remain as she was during the courtship is often bitterly disappointed. Such was the case with Randolph Burleigh, a poet and lecturer, the son of a bishop and well known socially.

Randolph had the romantic idea of woman as a sort of Watteau statuette and chose a dainty little wife, all dimity and frills, with a rose in her hat. One wouldn't have expected her to initiate anything more substantial than a cheese soufflé or a whipped-cream layer cake. But the economic struggle develops unexpected talents and as Randolph's prestige was greater than his earning capacity she had years of effort to make ends meet. They lived in cheap New York apartments, the kind with open fireplaces and closed plumbing and domestically speaking, Amy's life was one long battle with bugs.

One day she told Randolph she had made a great discovery, an invention that would make them rich and famous. It was an unexpected combination of sprays and liquids which turned out to be the perfect insect exterminator. Her enthusiasm shocked him. Lower creatures of the crawling variety should be dealt with, he felt, quietly and firmly in the privacy of the home. The announcement that she intended to publish the glad tidings was a blow. Despite his resistance she borrowed money, organized a company and put her invention on the market. To his great surprise it proved a money maker. Financially one drop of the stuff was worth a whole set of his sonnets, while a few quarts brought as much profit as a Chautauqua course of lectures. He wouldn't have objected to that, because it was pleasant to live in large, airy apartments and have servants, but it drove him to despair when the advertising campaign began and Mrs. Randolph Burleigh's *Bed-Bug Bouncer* was blazoned on every bill board.

Moreover, the suffering was not limited merely to Randolph. His worthy father, Bishop Burleigh, and his gentle mother endured untold mortification, while his three sensitive and highly bred sisters had to go to Europe to recover their poise. Amy, however, was deaf to all their pleading and determined to push success to the limit. She was proud of being able to make money. Even more, long and desperate conflicts with the insects of the home made her feel that her invention contributed vastly to the sum of human happiness. The Bouncer became not so much a career as a crusade with plans for de-bugging the entire world. The name of Burleigh was a factor which the advertising department reckoned with, for it gave the product responsible, even if unwilling sponsors.

Many people regard a matter of this sort as humorous. They do not see that it is likely to become a serious question. For back of it is the problem of one's very selfhood and liberty which is as precious

to men as to women. When a man gives up his name it interferes with his freedom of action. Of course, it doesn't always make him lose his liberty but it often interferes with it seriously. It's as if someone put on his clothes and went about masquerading, creating situations for which he is held responsible, making him a sort of wooden statue at the prow of the ship.

Nor are the difficulties caused solely by the fact of a wife's independent career. A passive woman may use her husband's name and his reputation in ways quite unexpected and even distasteful to him. Men who hate various kinds of propaganda often discover their names placed prominently on lists of societies their wives have joined. They have to endorse dress reform, eurhythmic dancing, high-brow drama, simplified spelling and what not, merely because their wives are members of some committee. It often starts simply enough. Mrs. Leonard Swift, whose husband is an able lawyer, one of the best known in the city, is invited by a friend to attend a parlor talk on some subject of current interest, birth control, let us say. She enjoys the meeting, finds the speeches novel and interesting and before she goes home is persuaded to give her name as a patroness of the cause.

Before many weeks, for propaganda is long and time is fleeting, Mrs. Leonard Swift is vice-chairman of the legislative section and goes with her group to Albany or Washington to the accompaniment of special newspaper stories, illustrated supplements and side talks on the radio. She is having the time of her life in an adventure far more thrilling than mere social activity. Perhaps she does, and perhaps she doesn't realize that it is Leonard's prestige which is carrying her forward to leadership. As Janet Ward her advocacy of birth control would not be particularly significant but Mrs. Leonard Swift's is a name to conjure with and leaders in the movement for voluntary parenthood know how to extract its full value.

Meanwhile poor Leonard is bombarded with requests to speak on the subject, finds himself widely quoted whenever his wife's committee meets and almost in twenty-four hours has become a leading advocate of birth control. The question pursues him wherever he goes. If he dines out, hoping for escape, someone is sure to ask for his opinion, if only to make conversation. Reporters nag him for interviews and from remote sections of the world come letters marked "Personal" or "Confidential" which begin, "I am the father of twelve children and would regard it as unlucky if a thirteenth came. Your help would be greatly appreciated. Etc., etc."

A worthy cause is certainly a great inspiration but it happens that Leonard is not a true believer. He cannot get up a bit of excitement over the fact that the world is overpopulated or that the burdens of excessive child-bearing rest heavily upon women. He is perfectly willing that the poor should go on indefinitely producing offspring. Extra large fam-

ilies are nothing to him. In fact he hates the movement. Some old repression, something in his upbringing makes the subject extremely distasteful to him. He squirms under the rôle of the broad-minded advocate of something which is foreign to his interests. The law, golf and the collection of silver lustreware are his world and with them he stops.

Like other long-suffering husbands Leonard accepts his martyrdom stoically. Perhaps because he sees no way out. He may, in fact he does, protest vehemently to his wife but that brings only temporary relief. He doesn't wish to divorce Mrs. Leonard and he knows it would probably make matters worse if he did. Unless she married again the chances are that, having experienced the pleasures of publicity, she would seek solace in ever bigger headlines. The few men who have tried by legal or other means to force women to resume their maiden names after a divorce have failed. Moreover, Leonard is the type of man who could not possibly appreciate the efforts of women to meet the situation from which he suffers. He regards the Lucy Stone League, with its motto "Keep your own name" as an outbreak of fanatical feminism. He knows all the harrowing tales of men whose wives have married Miss Somebody or Other; how they have been turned out of respectable apartment houses, refused accommodations in hotels, snubbed by their associates, unable even to employ servants who as a class dislike to work in irregular families.

It is clear enough, however, that men have a great stake in the matter. If a woman's name is a symbol of her identity and must not be lost, so also is his name a symbol of his identity and must be protected. Some of the younger generation of men are beginning to realize this. One or two about to marry celebrities have stipulated recently that the bride's public career, at least, be carried on under her own flag. There is a rumor that a group of men, determined to preserve their identities after marriage, are already organizing a Henry B. Blackwell League, named for Lucy Stone's husband, himself a pioneer in the movement for separate names after marriage. Their idea is that the time has come when men must unite and insist upon keeping their names exclusively for themselves.

Undoubtedly, if the Henry Blackwellers put up any kind of a fight, the League will go big. For it touches something cosmic; the sense that I am I. Once a man becomes aroused to the feeling that his name is something he cannot share without losing his freedom of action, it becomes the most important thing in life. It boils down to the fact that identity and personal independence are so closely allied that if one is interfered with, the other is lost. As feminism sweeps forward, some Patrick Henry will surely arise in the masculine revolution and waving his name in the air, cry out again "Give me my name or give me death!"

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

Bush League Government

WASHINGTON'S articulate newsdealer, Elmer Durkin, was entertaining, though not too highly, Chester A. Donner, the reliable druggist.

"I see where they handed the snow-and-ice to this McKinley out in Illinois," Elmer observed.

"There's so much crime out there a fellow can't keep track," the ignorant apothecary replied. "What did they pin on him—first degree?"

"No, no, Chet, you've pulled a boner. Gather around and let me jerry you up."

Elmer now patiently explained that the gentleman in question is a Senator, not a yegg, but that the Republicans had revoked his license and slipped it to one of the Smith brothers. "The info is that McKinley picked the wrong end of the World Court question. The pros and cons haven't pulled any box-fights around here on that subject, but maybe those Illinoisies are different from regular people. I don't know. I've got a hunch that the answer is more worldly than courtly."

"Aw, Elmer, behave!"

"All right, then, leave us tell comical stories. When I was down in the big burg once I saw this Houdini do his stuff, and there was a slate-writing stunt that got my nanny for fair. I was parked where I could get a good close-up and watched that bird as if he was my hat and coat in a beanery. I wasn't going to let him slip anything over on me if I am a yap. Then he up and pulled a lot of spook-writing that was so oofty it made me wish I had led a better life. When he had us all goggle-eyed, he gave us the low-down on the act. Seems while we all had our lamps glued on his educated mitts, the hired man ankled out in plain view and shifted the slates on us and nobody saw him at all.

"What I mean, Chet, they had those Illinois bimbos watching the World Court, but all the time a couple of strong-arm gangs were rustling for the local pickings. Washington is the ballyhoo and the billboard and the free street parade, but the gate receipts occur closer home.

"Play this over on Pennsylvania. They're screening a triangler story over there now. Vare, Pepper and Pinchot are the headliners and the air is full of static about hooch-hoisting, Coolidge economy and Mellon taxes. You'd think the fate of the nation was teetering in the balance, but all over the bushes there are three mobs scrapping for the steering wheel of the old boiler.

"In New York they're framing it to have a four-year term for Governor and Al Smith says the spiffy thing is to pull off the elections when they won't get balled up with national issues. But those merry old upstaters get no kick out of that. They're all for leap-year parties. If they can get the simps keeping cool with Coolidge, the politickers can keep warm in Albany. If this country were a little safer

for Democracy, we'd have the same shot with reverse English, but Democrats are home bodies, the way things stack up now. Those Tammany Hall boys—they don't curl up and die because the G. O. P.'s have got the long end of the gate at Washington. They keep the home fires burning and hearty eating is had by all.

"The old bird that said the tariff is a local issue spilled a faceful, but he could have said politics is a local issue and got away with it."

"Did you say a vocal issue?" asked Mr. Donner.

"Local, vocal and yokel. Ours is a bush league form of government. Sometimes I think the only thing that cuts much ice is the county. Every demitasse boss makes a noise like a country-saver, but his great heart is bleeding for the county. He's not near so goofy about the White House as he is about the court house. That's where the pie is served. For a home-brew patriot there's a lot more nourishment in a new state road than there is in Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Maybe there's not so much difference, at that. A Congressman spends more time counting up his counties than he does reading bills. The Harding administration was just a court house gang that crashed into the big time, and the one we've got on hand now is just kidding itself it's major league stuff.

"Take it out here in our own neck of the woods. There are two weekly papers at Newton, the county seat, a Dem and a Rep. Right now they're trading wallops about the wop debt settlement. But everybody is hep that the only real ruckus between them is who cops the juicy printing contracts for the next two years.

"Supposing I get bit by a yearn to park my dogs on a court house desk. What do I do, spill a line of patter about roads and schools and bridges? No, that wouldn't win me any marbles—they'd all walk out on me. I hitch my lunchwagon to a national star. I get out windshield stickers, 'Coolidge and Durkin' and I shoot a lot of hop about my government. I'm all for a vigorous policy in the Philippines and a soft place for cousin Willie who has been a washout in the gents' furnishing line. I talk national to sheik the voters, but I eat my chow off the home plate. I care not who makes my country's laws if I can annex the sheriff's fees."

"Well, go to it, if you think you can get away with it," said the druggist, showing signs of departure.

"I bet I'd be a wow. The other night I blew into Dink Hubbel's dump and of course that radio bug had the headphones on. While he was tuning in on the glad tidings from the Secretary of Commerce about the rubber situation, I hooked his watch and chain.

"Yes, Chet, I've got a natural talent for politics."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

NOBODY here is concerned about what Congress may or may not do the rest of this session—not really, that is. There will continue to be some more or less well simulated interest in the farmer. There will be much hypocritical eloquence over his rights and wrongs, but whatever is done in the way of farm legislation, if anything, will be a hollow subterfuge and everybody knows it. To all intents and purposes the session is over and the real interest has shifted from Washington to the pending primaries in three great states—Pennsylvania, Iowa and Wisconsin. The interesting thing to me about these primaries is the way in which the careful little gentleman in the White House has at last got himself involved. This notwithstanding his extraordinary efforts to keep out, which have been carried to the point of convicting him, in the minds of certain party leaders, at least, of both timidity and ingratitude. Soon or late the old game of playing both ends against the middle is bound to break down. If his luck holds, this may not be the time, but the risk is there just the same and that is what our President was so anxious to avoid. He hates risks.

Notwithstanding his neutrality policy, Mr. Coolidge has to run the gauntlet of these primaries. There is no way out for him and his kindly soul is accordingly troubled. So are the kindly souls of the little White House group. The Presidential refusal to lift a finger to help the Senators who voted with him on the World Court proposal and as a result got into serious trouble in their respective states has had one direct effect—it has created a feeling of resentment among regular Republicans in the Senate, which it would be hard to exaggerate. Senators of high standing in the Republican organization use language utterly unfit for publication when they discuss with you privately the failure of Mr. Coolidge to come to the aid of men in the Senate who, at his request, stuck fast on the World Court and other votes with full knowledge of what they risked. Of course the case of McKinley is the most flagrant. I am told that after McKinley had committed himself to the President on the World Court proposal he, realizing what it meant if he went through, hied himself up to the White House, explained his position and expressed a desire to be released. He was, so I am informed, told that his vote was needed and that if he failed the administration in the pinch, the administration would be greatly grieved.

He did not fail the administration, but the administration failed him. After the vote he was unable to get from the White House any comfort at all. He was made to feel, his friends say, that in standing by the administration he had merely done his duty and had not imposed any obligation of gratitude. Not a personal peep could be got out of Calvin for this stalwart supporter. Not only that, but the one thing he did do—or permit to be done—did more harm to the McKinley chances than if it had been left undone. To send Mr. Hoover out to Illinois to speak for the administration in behalf of the candidate was the outside limit. For one thing, Mr. Hoover as a speaker is one of the four or five least inspiring people in the

world. For another he is not beloved of the farmers and his appearance on the stump for McKinley did the latter damage in the rural districts. Illinois farmers follow Frank Lowden and Lowden's views as to farm relief are not Hoover's. So it will be seen that in this case the neutrality of the White House thoroughly enraged regular Republican leaders in the Senate and failed in its purpose to avoid any hurt for the President. It was impossible not to construe the defeat of McKinley as the defeat of a friend of Coolidge. It eliminates from the Senate an administration supporter and puts in his place a Senator who, on foreign policies at least, is as anti-administration as Jim Reed or Borah.

The embittered Senators are now concentrating their attention on the Pennsylvania fight which will come to a head on May 18. Should the pious Pepper be murdered, as is not at all unlikely, by the uncouth and wet Mr. Vare, another Coolidge supporter and a much more spectacular and conspicuous one than the unfortunate McKinley will have been knocked off the bush. I really think the Pepper eulogies of Coolidge have been more fulsome and frequent than anyone else's and the Pepper about-face on the World Court in order to get in line with Mr. Coolidge was the most remarkable thing I have seen in the Senate for some sessions. Yet the cautious Calvin is just as neutral in Pennsylvania as he was in Illinois. He of course wants Senator Pepper to win, but he also wants, in case he loses, not to lose with him. He most carefully explained to Mr. Vare his neutral policy, emphasizing his determination not to take sides as between Republicans who stood with him and others who may or may not do so. That is all right, but it won't quite work. A Pepper defeat will be a very direct blow in the eye for the good Calvin as well as for genial old Mr. Mellon. It will be a practical repudiation of the administration side by the Republican voters in a great state and will place control of the party machinery in that state in the hands of men who to say the least are under no obligations to support Mr. Coolidge and are distinctly hostile to Mr. Mellon, who is his main support.

It isn't a pleasant prospect for the little White House group and if you do not think they are worried just drop around the executive offices or the national committee headquarters and bring the subject up. As a matter of fact you will not have to bring it up. It will be brought up and mulled over for an hour at a time. In their subterranean way and very carefully of course the administration and the national committee are doing what they can for Pepper, but doing it in a way not to show their hands and therefore ineffectively. The thing that would help Pepper and perhaps save Mr. Mellon repudiation by his home state would be for the President to write a letter to some friend in Pennsylvania expressing the hope that the services of the senior Pennsylvania Senator will not be lost to his country and commending him as a man and a statesman. But will he do that? He won't. Unless some pressure is brought on him such as he cannot resist—unless for instance Mr. Mellon should wake up and lay down the law—he will let things ride and hope for the best.

The whole point in all this is that should the Mc-

Kinley defeat be followed this spring and summer by the defeat of Pepper in Pennsylvania, of Cummins in Iowa, of Lenroot in Wisconsin, such political fatalities among men who "upheld the hands of the President" cannot fail to affect his own political prospects. Moreover, it will increase the strength of the private wish now secretly cherished by a large and influential group of Republican Senators, that Mr. Butler, the Coolidge-chosen chairman of their National Committee and closer personally and politically to Mr. Coolidge than anyone else, should be beaten to a pulp in November by the intrepid and popular Walsh. Because if that happens there are not many judges of politics in Washington who do not believe the chances of a Coolidge renomination would be wiped out. The White House recognizes that as a real danger. It will not take all of these fatalities among his friends to damage his prospects, but it does appear that all of them combined would ruin him. Even those who pull through will hold a grudge and are apt to make it felt when opportunity offers.

The Coolidge policy of inaction which has been so singularly successful in the past is up for another test. If his luck holds he will come out all right. If it fails him it will be for the first time. Notwithstanding the arguments, I shall be surprised if it does. He will still have his newspaper support. No matter what happens the oleaginous pen of Richard Washburn Child will continue to drip oil and ointment for the benefit of the multi-million readers of the Saturday Evening Post.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Raquel Meller

In Her Repertory. Empire Theatre, April 19, 1926.

FOR our audiences in general the appeal of Raquel Meller must lie in certain distinct directions. Her art has been nurtured in Continental music halls and its technique might be supposed to be largely shaped by the intimate contact and very personal rapport of such places. Here in New York she is given one of the largest theatres. In the music halls she is a part of a company, one of several performers on an evening's program. At the Empire she is the entire program, a company in herself; from nine o'clock until toward eleven Raquel Meller alone makes up the performance. Her songs are all in Spanish or Catalan and so are understood by few in the audience. Her triumph nevertheless is not to be denied.

For these audiences at the Empire, then, the first appeal of Raquel Meller and the deepest must rest in sheer magnetism, a personal domination and radiance and poignancy that holds them and that compels the eye. There is the variety that the costumes afford, one costume after another, the gown of the sixties with its lace flounces, hoops, mantilla, the street singer's dress, the peasant, the mother, the dancer's Andalusian dress with ruffles all round, off the floor in front, trailing long behind; the jailer's daughter with her little scarf; the Madrileña in black, with the black mantilla, and many others, all beautifully designed and beautifully worn, all dramatized, brought to life, filled with their own character and rhythm, moved back into the music of themselves.

The beautiful movement, too, must be plain to almost everyone, the sure, clear feet, the complete unity of the body as Raquel Meller walks on the stage, the marked rhythm where such marking is needed for the meaning and effect, the subtle security of motion always, unbroken and continuous.

Everyone will wonder at the variety and change in the impersonations, at the constant freshness of attack. This attack is not only mental, not only a matter of interpretation. It appears in the physical gesture, the pattern of movement and the entrance designed for every number. You can see Raquel Meller in *La Monteria*, the Grandmother's Dress, come softly in, sidewise from the right upstage, and then slowly forward, drifting toward the footlights, softly shining more and more like an opening flower; in the jailer's daughter going straight toward the opposite side of the stage, with the escape of her lover the only thing in her mind; in *Flor del Mal*, entering with her back to the audience and turning at length confused and all blurred, lost, the woman of the streets, cursed from birth; in *Ay! Cipriano* she enters already swept into the dance; in *The Lullaby*, that tragic mother and child in her thoughts, she comes straight forward to the footlights and attacks her story; and so on and so on, always different, but never conspicuously so, always fresh and direct, always achieving that living surprise of authentic art.

The story implicit in the songs, as set forth in the program, counts in every case as a shadow of drama no doubt, a story to be projected in the singer's art when with the new number and with a new costume she presently appears. These Spanish songs are almost invariably tragic. On Raquel Meller's American program there do not seem to be permitted some of the more fierce and terrible Spanish qualities; a certain Spanish ferocity and harsh power have been excluded. But even as it is the tragic prevails; in the song of the bullfighter who, as he dies in the ring, kisses the charm that the maiden has given him; the lullaby that the mother sings first over her longed-for child, and then in her madness and grief over the empty cradle; the *Flor del Mal*, and *La Tarde del Corpus*, in all these of course. But even in the merry songs, in the song of the girl hiding her own rapture to extort more passion from the lover, in the jailer's daughter, helping her convict lover to escape and thus losing him, in *La Peligro de Las Rosas* and *Ay! Cipriano*, the final quality is tragic, a tragic note that derives from a certain clear last outline, a kind of animal finality and common sense about the conclusion of all things in human life, the knowledge of all glamor, of all hours, of all names with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated and their plain end at last.

A program of Raquel Meller's is made up of songs, twelve or more, in which stories are told, or little themes out of life are illustrated, as in the *Siempre Flor*, where the poet says that the life of woman is like a flower, the bud, the blossom, living its fragrant epoch in the garden of love; as in the much more complex song of the deserted girl waiting at the shrine where her lover's oath of fidelity has betrayed her a year before and stabbing him now as he passes with her rival.

But of Raquel Meller's rendering of these songs many of the accounts must be misleading. We are told that she is not a singer, not an actress, but perhaps more actress than singer. The subtle surprise of her art, however, is its musical quality. I do not mean her singing, though her voice is adequate and dramatic, and many of its so-called shrill or harsh qualities are not only the popular Spanish tone method but are wonderfully expressive. I mean that what she conveys, the story and the incident in every case, is not directly set forth. She does not act out the event that the song describes. She does impersonate the character to some extent, she does impersonate the action. But the whole is removed to a region of ideal indication or essential quality. It is all musical, complete in itself; it is character and event recreated in ideal and elemental terms. Apart from the downright, simple, humble and universal imagination with which all passions and actions are seen by Raquel Meller, it is this musical quality that makes her art so sure and so compelling.

Finally, together with this range of impersonation, this elusive, dominating style, this dramatic security, technical economy, perfect movement, there are two things that to me are most impressive in the art of Raquel Meller. First, the extraordinary purity, the extent to which she plays rightly toward the audience, but at the same time remains untouched, intact, almost alone there in our midst; and second—and proceeding from this purity—the marvelous degree in her of that unity, single and indescribable, by which every form is alive.

STARK YOUNG.

Questions and Answers

IT was to be expected that Doctor Cadman's Daily Counsel would become the target of satire. The President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America enters into competition with—say, Beatrice Fairfax! Advance publicity suggested a soap or a cough lozenge more than a minister of the Gospel; it was pure stunt with a glowing question-mark and the promise that soon your questions would be answered. It reminded me of the perpetual Bottomley hoax in London when the War was at standstill and the prospects vile, and John Bull regularly announced: "Good News Next Week." The Herald-Tribune knew what it was doing in this kind of advertising; it excited the maximum of interest in advance; it made us think that Doctor Cadman was good news next week. It is reported that his column is a tremendously successful newspaper feature.

I confess that frequently as I read him I have the uneasy suspicion that it is a parody; but that is not the fault of the feature itself. The Herald-Tribune worked on sound psychological principles. It took an established attitude of mind and transposed it from a familiar and vulgar to a novel, somewhat pretentious plane. Instead of offering advice to investors, the amorous, the asthmatic, or the rude, it offered advice, equally authoritative, to the human being in his character of human being, in his ethical function. The assumption of the Herald-Tribune was correct—that its readers could afford doctors and brokers, and were intelligent enough to know which girl to choose and which

fork; but were faced, not every day perhaps, with questions for which no authority existed. Properly the Herald-Tribune revived the authority of the Church, restoring to it a mission it seems unable, in a city of great congregations and even greater abstentions, to fulfil. The Church, in any case, has been front-page news for the past few years; the New York World has capitalized it on a small scale in its reports of Sunday sermons. The Herald-Tribune followed good newspaper methods in making the Church personal.

In spite of the anonymity of the questions and the publicity of the answers, this personal relation is correct newspaper psychology for another reason. It is a mistake to think that questions and answers, on any subject, are intended chiefly as a service to the perplexed. Their chief reason for existence is that they build and hold circulation because they satisfy the curiosity we all possess concerning the lives of others. The great events of the first page are terribly impersonal until we reach murder and divorce; but the questions and answers are intensely private in their narration of events on a smaller scale, events which we can all understand. That is why the health columns which answer about five questions a day and, on that basis, can interest about two thousand readers a year, appear in papers with a circulation of millions, the editors having every reason to believe that the millions read them. I find myself following with interest advice on stocks and bonds, the very names of which I have never heard before, if that advice is in answer to a question, and I have never missed a lovelorn column in my life. How much more fascinating the basic problems of existence:

Do all persons have souls? I ask this question in all seriousness after an inexpressibly painful experience with a callous brute who certainly seems to have no heart.

I was married to a young lady who gave every evidence of faithfulness. After two years . . . her faith and love disappeared and were replaced by a lust for luxurious life. Having tried every means. . . . I separated from her. . . . As under the laws of the state neither party can obtain a divorce in an honest way we are . . . single persons in reality although married legally. Am I bound to mention this disagreeable situation when paying attention to a member of the opposite sex? Your counsel is heartily asked and will be given deep consideration.

These questions have life, not "in the raw," but in all intensity. They are the secrets of the confessional—and broadcast. They are irresistible.

Compared with them the answers have to be fairly thin. For a syndicated column it would have been inappropriate to choose an iconoclast to give the answers. These had to be the accepted sense of the community, a real "common sense" buoyed up by common intelligence, a fair education, and a Christian morality differing from the common in its fervor and in the extent to which it is applied.

Why is it that the man who steals a loaf of bread is branded as a thief while the man who steals a railroad is recognized as a clever operator in business?

The answer had to be "Please give me a concrete case" and "it often is exceedingly difficult to get at the facts with regard to 'stealing a railroad.'" This is not merely economic and social pressure subduing the violence of Christ in the Temple. It is the average answer—and the average hope that the facts "with regard to" stealing a railroad will always remain difficult to get at.

The feeling that Doctor Cadman will neither clarify nor startle, exalt nor console, has little to do with the interest of his work. If the answers seem at times intended for Mencken's Americana, the questions are for the notebooks of a Hawthorne or a Sinclair Lewis. There is even the naïve American mistake of confounding information with ethics. "Are the British Isles part of Europe?" comes next to "Why is it the finest people in the world invariably suffer . . . whereas ne'er-do-wells pass through their entire life with little or no sickness . . . ? Do the first mentioned enter Heaven on higher planes?" Questions of fact come to Doctor Cadman, perhaps under a mediæval conception of the identity of the scholar and the priest.

He answers them with a benign humor, and they do not injure his column.

It is interesting to note how frequently the questions are abstract. "Can what is right ever become wrong by being practiced in the wrong way or place?"—it sounds like an echo of a domestic dispute, phrased in this way to escape identification. Some of the queries are obviously propaganda (I suspect the one about the railroads), some are "to decide a bet," a few must be efforts to pull the Doctor's leg. The real ones can easily be identified; they spring from experience and they indicate an intense moral preoccupation, an intense desire to do "the right thing" as well as a sense of helplessness in the appeal to authority. It is not especially the authority of Doctor Cadman's position as a minister; that is part of it, his talks over the radio have given him another point of authority, and the great authority of print is a final seal on his judgments, so that it is to his general wisdom that the tormented go for comfort. He gives it in accordance with his lights; but their darkness remains more pregnant and more pitiable.

GILBERT SELDES.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Where Instalment Buying Breaks

SIR: Your analysis of the relation of instalment buying to prosperity in the New Republic of April 7 is to be commended, save for the omission of one important consideration. You make no mention of the interest and carrying charges, which probably amount to 10 percent of the price of the goods. (In this city the difference between the cash and instalment price on a popular automobile is over 15 percent.) Using the Chamber of Commerce estimate of the value of goods now sold on time-payment, this means a definite decrease in the average annual purchasing power of the consuming public of \$500,000,000, on the assumption that those who receive this interest and carrying charge are principally banks and insurance companies. Unless there are other complicating factors, the market in the end is smaller than before, and industry must slow down to less than its original pace.

CLARK WARBURTON.

Houston, Texas.

SIR: Regarding the editorial in your April 7 issue, Where Instalment Buying Breaks, there is one point which I would like to see brought out a little more positively. To a greater extent than ever before, the manufacturing, merchandising and financial interests are dependent on the continuance of steady employment for the workers at high wages.

In the previous history of our cycles of prosperity and depression, the maintenance of capital and the making of profit have been the first considerations in determining whether to operate or shut down. The condition which we are rapidly approaching is that the industrial and financial interests will have to keep production going even at some capital loss in order to keep instalments coming in on the goods already sold.

It would take only a slight general reduction in wages or employment to start an avalanche back on to the dealers and from there to the manufacturers and their financial backers, in which would be found not only automobiles, furniture, pianos, radios, fur coats, washing machines, refrigerators and false teeth, but houses, lots, coöperative apartments and apartment-house bonds—all the inconceivable variety of goods which are sold on "easy terms." Only a slight reaction of this sort in many of these lines would be required to slow up or entirely stop production—with resulting unemployment which would augment the flood of "repossessed" goods.

Isn't it possible that in permitting instalment selling to go as far as it has, the captains of finance and industry have gotten themselves involved in about as positive and thorough-going a system of unemployment insurance as even the most visionary radical could hope for?

T. J. MEAD.

Chicago, Ill.

Militarism in Education

SIR: The recent largely attended luncheon in Boston of the newly formed committee on Militarism in Education has more than local significance. It marks a forward movement in the effort to remove compulsory military training from public schools and universities. It follows the work undertaken by the national organization for the same purpose, under the chairmanship of John Nevin Sayre of New York.

The Massachusetts Committee, of which Dr. Speight, minister of King's Chapel, is chairman, includes Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, Prof. Bliss Perry and many other members of the Harvard faculty and a long list of eminent Bostonians. The committee plans to study the question of military training in the schools and colleges of the state, and to oppose the compulsory feature. The recent protests against compulsory military training in various colleges throughout the country, the action taken against it by the twenty-eight religious denominations represented at the conference in Washington last December, and a similar action by the college youth recently gathered in convention at Evanston, Illinois, all combine to emphasize the fact that compulsion in this matter is becoming an acute issue—outside of Australia and Japan, in no country but our own has militarism invaded the public schools and colleges.

Dr. Speight in a masterly address summed up the reasons for protest and for careful inquiry into existing facts. He answered the exaggerated fear of military men that we are unprepared by quoting from Secretary Hughes who, after studying what premiers, parliaments, bankers and editors are doing and saying, declared: "So far as we can see into the future, the United States is not in the slightest danger of aggression. In no single power and in no possible combination of powers lies any menace to our security."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Brookline, Mass.

The Prohibition Muddle

SIR: I am a "constant reader" of the New Republic. I thoroughly enjoy its strong, vivid, well written editorials and its clever, peppy articles on up-to-date subjects. It is always thought-provoking whether or not one agrees with its conclusions—though I generally find myself in agreement.

Now, of course, that kind of an introduction always means that there is a "but" somewhere in the offing. This one has to do with a serious inconsistency in your espousal of causes—an inconsistency which I have noted for some time but which comes to a climax in an editorial, Prohibition Under Fire, in your issue of March 24.

In your strong and righteous stand for the principles of social justice you have constantly and correctly emphasized the changing nature of our society—its growing complexity and interdependence and the consequent necessity for considering the welfare of all rather than the private desires (or private profit) of certain classes or sections. This has led inevitably to your conclusion that there is need for a more centralized control over many activities which were once considered (and which Brother Coolidge and his Big Business buddies still consider) matters wholly subject to private or state jurisdiction. Herein lies the whole crux of the opposition to such things as minimum wage legislation, the child-labor amendment and the whole range of social welfare legislation for which you have stood in the past. All these things are held to be invasions of "private" or "natural" rights as well as of "states' rights." The same argument was for many long years held up against compulsory education laws—and still is in some places. And every time you defend the "right" of "personal choice" in the use of alcoholic liquors (which has in the past proved to be wholly detrimental to large sections of our population) you are striking a deadly blow at these other things which you have previously been so ably defending. You are furnishing unlimited ammunition to the die-hard "states' righters" and to those who fatten upon the profits of child labor. Almost every sentence in the editorial above mentioned furnishes such ammunition. For example, take this passage:

It is true that the liquor traffic is a fitting and desirable subject of social regulation. It is entirely arguable that the federal government should participate in the work. But it does not follow that regulation should be considered equivalent to prohibition or that it is desirable to unload the difficulty of overcoming the local resistance to prohibition on the national government. Different forms of regulation demand different justifications and arouse different kinds of resistance.

There is exactly the chief argument against the child labor amendment in a nutshell. It is also the "states' rights" doctrine in a nutshell, although phrased somewhat differently from the way the most rabid states'-righters would put it. (You are evidently trying to avoid your dilemma by a twist of phraseology.)

In one of your statements you recognize the difficulty. But you get the cart before the horse when you say that "It [prohibition] has already set back for the space of at least one generation the desirable association between the federal government and the process of organizing social justice in the United States." This "setting back" has been accomplished not by prohibition itself but by the promulgation of such articles as the one I am discussing. The "wets" have seized upon this declaration of "it can't be done" as their chief weapon—their "Big Bertha"—with which they hope to batter down the "dry" intrenchments. If they succeed (as you seem to think they will and as I think they will *not*) then we may as well give up all attempts at social welfare legislation, not for one but for many generations.

But I have faith to believe that neither of these catastrophes will happen. I have lived to see accomplished a number of notable reforms which in the days of my youth seemd hopelessly utopian dreams. Among them are Woman Suffrage and Prohibition. Both meant long years of hard uphill work, but they are accomplished and the world moves forward not backward (in spite of occasional "slips").

As for the "straw vote" it simply means that the "wets" voted

while the "drys" did not. I voted the very first day because I worked so hard for "votes for women" that I never miss a chance to vote on any possible occasion. But I have learned since that most of my "dry" friends refrained, and that seems to have been true the country over.

And the difference between the rural and the urban vote on the subject is not as great as you seem to think. Omitting the "foreign vote" which is largest in the larger cities, the difference is not great. Outside of these recent immigrants, the cities are largely made up of people who have moved to them from the rural districts and they carry their convictions with them. The overwhelming "dryness" of Congress is proof of this. Congressmen do not vote against the convictions of their constituents if they know it.

My great respect and admiration for the general policy and methods of the New Republic make me regret exceedingly that you have felt it necessary to venture upon the inconsistency above noted.

E. C. M.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Until now, I have been with you, but having read your article, Prohibition Under Fire, I wish to announce that you may now go your primrose way to the everlasting bonfire without any effort on my part (except this letter) to snatch you from the burning.

This article is your maiden offense in loose thinking. Just an inch and a quarter below the point in your article at which you think you find a missing link in your opponent's argument one finds an enormous aperture in your own. You imply that *regulation* of the liquor traffic will effect a cure of the social evils which prevail as a result of the manufacture of liquor. *You know better.* How shall you manage it so that I may have my Manhattan of an evening and so that the husband of my laundress will not come home roaring drunk on the same evening and drag her around by the hair? Now the fact that such "regulation" is outside the realm of possibility is the *crux of the whole matter.*

And if I coolly refuse voluntarily to forego said Manhattan, no matter what may follow for my less fortunate fellows in the way of drunkenness and crime and vice and disease and poverty and sordidness, do you, *I ask you*, do you still call me a "regular fellow?" I contend that the capacity to forego self-indulgence in order to make living safe and decent for other folk is all that gives meaning to spirituality, to religion, to chivalry, to good fellowship and to common decency. To behave contrariwise would be to suppress every decent instinct in my nature. No, sir, I should not be a "regular fellow." I should be a spiritual paralytic! I should be a sinner! The fact that I was one of the majority would not make me any the less disreputable.

You say "Prohibition will not prohibit without an amount of ruthless and desperate coercion by the federal government which would invalidate its moral authority." I know the meaning of every word in that sentence but I do need assistance to be shown how the moral authority of any power becomes invalidated by enforcing, no matter how ruthlessly and desperately, any moral law.

Why shouldn't we be *ruthless*? Why shouldn't we be *desperate*? What cause was ever won in lethargy? Why not instill into this struggle against a bestial enemy the same emotional fervor shown in any war? It is, in no mean degree, for the reason that "journals of opinion" from whom we have every reason to expect the utmost daring, capitulate to the enemy by failing to sound the silver bugle note of advance.

It is amazing that you have been beguiled into this sophistry by the mere fact that drinking has become the style among smart alecks. It seems, moreover, downright heresy for the New Republic to join in the clamor of the many-headed multitude. "Most regular fellows do it," forsooth! Have a care! The next thing you know you'll be spending your Saturdays cruising on the "Mayflower" and your Sundays at Methodist revival meetings.

MRS. HENRY JAMES.

Swarthmore, Pa.

The King of Sports

Microbe Hunters, by Paul de Kruif. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 363 pages. \$3.50.

HERE was never a prophecy much wider the mark than Mr. Clive Bell's *Plus de Jazz*. More than ever it is the jazz age. Psychoanalysis has introduced jazz into biography. The stately muse of history goes prancing down the vista of the centuries in the pages of Mr. Van Loon. Now even science, the most austere of mistresses that man has known, is presented as a series of cake walks done to the unheard melody of the mind, or to the orchestration of publicity. These hunters of microbes, from old Dutch Leeuwenhoek in the seventeenth century to Paul Ehrlich in the twentieth, appear in the natural man, doing their successive turns in the performance as part of the pattern of life, as amusing a dance as any of them ever saw through his microscope among the microbes themselves. It is not for nothing that Doctor de Kruif has served an apprenticeship in fiction under Sinclair Lewis. Some of the devices of the older novelists come naturally to him, especially the apostrophic address to his reader, to his character, or to himself. One of the humorous realities to the American mind is the ridiculous association of man and woman beneath the same roof, at the same table, in the same bed. Of this connubial humor which garnishes the domestic life of the small town, Doctor de Kruif is a master, and his condescension in this regard to men of low estate will win him thousands of friends. Celibacy was not the rule among the microbe hunters; there is a perpetual incongruity between the mess of experimentation and orderly domestic life as there is between the biological conceptions of the scientist and the lover; and the romantic comedy of Robert Koch successfully pleading with Fraülein Fraatz to become Frau Koch, later to be repulsed with "Robert, you smell so," is not to be missed. Another source of comic relief which Doctor de Kruif finds appealing is the old vaudeville stuff of national traits. Each of his characters is drawn to standard national specifications. The stolid Dutch Leeuwenhoek, the dashing Italian Spallanzani, the flamboyant Pasteur, the patient Koch, the Britons, Bruce and Ross, muddling through the meshes of red tape, the Yankees, Smith and Reed, with the homely shrewdness of Uncle Sam—one constantly thinks of them as clothed in their national colors. It is a pity that Doctor de Kruif had to leave out those standard brands of humor the Irish and the Negro. Happily he closes with a perfect example of the ever popular Jewish comedian in Paul Ehrlich.

Aside from these honest arts of popularity, however, Doctor de Kruif's book tells a great story, one full of suspense, sacrifice, keen rivalry, the fascination of the unknown, the passion of discovery, the fortune that favors the brave, the sheer triumph of human intelligence. It is moreover the whole story, for the record is practically complete. Other branches of science have their beginnings in the obscurities of the past, among all sorts of accidents and irrelevancies, and the story of their progress is buried in the graves of forgotten and unknown searchers. Bacteriology was born from the elementary scientific impulse of curiosity in the person of the Dutch shopkeeper Leeuwenhoek (he was also in charge of the city hall of Delft, by virtue of which connection Doctor de Kruif enrolls him in the Janitors' Union), who with a passion for grinding lenses and peering through them was the first of living men to see the microbes in a drop of water. He also was the first to see the blood corpuscles, and the capillary blood

vessels. He had no laboratory and performed no experiments with proper controls. He was a pure observer to whom the stuff of life was material and his lenses the apparatus. The white substance on his teeth and its sterilization by hot coffee led him to anticipate Pasteur. He did not infer the rôle of the microbes in disease, but he witnessed their destructive power on the tissue of shellfish. He was the Leif the Lucky who gazed at the spectacle of the struggle for survival on its infinitesimal stage two hundred years before Darwin claimed the honors of Columbus. He was about thirty when the Royal Society was founded in England to which he transmitted accounts of his observations; hence the completeness of the record.

From Leeuwenhoek on the successive steps by which the plot is advanced are marked with ingenious emphasis by Doctor de Kruif. Next came Spallanzani, born in northern Italy in 1729. He proved that microbes do not appear spontaneously, and that they can be killed by high temperature. There were antagonists with counter theories, whom Spallanzani confounded by organized experiments. With him bacteriology passed into its experimental stage, and there began the wars of the laboratories. He was the first to segregate a single microbe and watch him propagate by division. Then a long jump into the nineteenth century, when Pasteur studied the effects of bacteriological life in the processes of making sugar, beer, wine, and silk, connected the presence of microbes with impurities in the air, prophesied the discovery of their rôle of assassination in tuberculosis, cholera and yellow fever, devised the counter-attack of setting one tribe of microbes to fight another and proved the principle and established the practice of immunity in the case of anthrax and hydrophobia. Meanwhile his contemporary, Robert Koch, who got away slowly after a bad start, wrought in Doctor de Kruif's opinion the most important achievement in microbe hunting since Leeuwenhoek in segregating microbes of one species from all others. (What about Spallanzani?) He proved by innumerable experiments what with Pasteur had been only an inspired guess, that one kind of microbes causes a definite disease; and he found that kind in the case of cholera and tuberculosis.

From now on the race tracks were open, innumerable goals in sight, great prizes in the saving of human life in view, publicity was rampant, the grand stands filled, national pride aroused, odds were rising and falling. We get the echo of all this from Doctor de Kruif's story, but still more the sense of the contenders in their laboratories working with patient zeal in pure scientific ardor. The two great schools of Pasteur and Koch continued to fight their great war and mark their successes by the score of saving instead of shedding human life. Their victories were both competitive and coöperative. Loeffler of Koch's legion discovered that the bacillus of diphtheria secretes a poison which passes into the body; Roux of Pasteur's found the poison; then Behring of Koch's discovered that trichloride of iodine would kill the bacillus, and that the blood of animals thus cured would give immunity to others, and Roux found in horses an easy and productive source of the serum. Then came Theobald Smith to condemn the parasite of the tick as the cause of Texas fever, and to trace its obscure transmission; Bruce to prove a similar rôle of the tsetse fly in the case of the sleeping sickness; Ross the Englishman and Grassi the Italian to trace malaria to the bite of a mosquito, *anopheles claviger*; and Walter Reed in Cuba to bring home yellow fever to the bite of another mosquito, the *stegomyia*. Finally with Ehrlich we come through the trial and error method involving 606 preparations of arsenic to the discovery of salvarsan and the cure of syphilis.

There is plenty of drama in this story. It is mostly of the closet type, but occasionally we have the big stage and a grand ensemble scene. There is the public experiment at Pouilly-le-Fort in June 1881 when Pasteur staked his reputation on the vaccination with anthrax of forty-eight sheep, twenty-four of whom had been treated for immunity, and the others left to nature, an experiment which came off 100 percent perfect. There is the journey across Europe of nineteen peasants from Smolensk where they had been bitten by a mad wolf to the Pasteur Institute at Paris where all but three escaped hydrophobia. There is the meeting of the Physiological Society at Berlin in 1882 when Koch described his discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis, and his adversary, the great Virchow, fled the scene. There is the funeral of Thuillier of Pasteur's legion who died in Alexandria of the cholera he was fighting, with Koch helping to bear the coffin. There is the response of American soldiers to Walter Reed's call for volunteers to be bitten by *Stegomyia* to test his theory of yellow fever.

Doctor de Kruif plays up these occasions to the full, but his real enthusiasm is for the lonely, patient worker in field or laboratory, in the anguish of his toil, the joy of his technique, the triumph or despair of his result. There are two animating motives which emerge in Doctor de Kruif's narrative. One is social, the impulse of the healer to save human life; the other is purely æsthetic, and finds its being and its satisfaction through the exercise of mind in discovering the unknown, in the fixing of conditions and apparatus, in the whole technique of experimentation. The microbe hunter, like other hunters, finds his joy in the sport. The psychology of the pure scientist is revealed in Leeuwenhoek: "Everything he did led him to pry up some new fact of nature, for he lived wrapped in those tiny dramas that went on under his lenses just as a child listens open-mouthed and with saucer eyes to the myths of Mother Goose." The persistence of this naïve questioning spirit led Robert Koch from a glance at the vari-colored spots forming on a boiled potato to his segregation of different colonies of microbes. The part which luck seems to have played in the progress of science is striking, and yet the luck would have been nothing without an accessibility to suggestion which allows the questioner to take advantage of hints from all sources.

And this gift is clearly one of imagination. It is here that the temperament of the artist appears to reinforce that of the scientist. Havelock Ellis in *The Dance of Life* has pointed out a number of the chief contributors to the physical sciences who have been also creative artists; with Doctor de Kruif's story before him he could have extended indefinitely his list of examples. The microbe hunters seem to have been as rich in imaginative quality as they were in sporting spirit. Another of Mr. Ellis's observations is the part played by hypotheses which were originally fiction, such as matter and pure space, in the advance of science. Here also the microbe hunters furnish instances of which Doctor de Kruif writes with great gusto, such as that of an outdoor scientist like Theobald Smith who extracts an occasional truth from the mass of vulgar errors. It is the laboratory, however, which furnishes the supreme type of the union of science with art in experiments which afford the æsthetic satisfaction of perfect performance, a satisfaction all the greater because of the delicacy of the technique necessary and the personal danger involved. It is in these elements that microbe hunting would seem to surpass its rivals, and its laboratory to become peculiarly the place where science returns to its old definition—the art of the mind.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Understanding Children

Publications of the Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency:

The Problem Child in School, by Mary Buell Sayles. 288 pages. \$1. *The Visiting Teacher Movement*, by Julius John Oppenheimer. 296 pages. 75c. *The Visiting Teacher in Rochester*, by Mabel Brown Ellis. 204 pages. 75c.

Understanding Our Children, by Frederick Pierce. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 198 pages. \$2.

The Real Boy and the New School, by A. E. Hamilton, New York: Boni and Liveright. 386 pages. \$2.50.

School and Home, by Angelo Patri. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 221 pages. \$2.

Foundations of Method, by William Heard Kilpatrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. 383 pages. \$2.

Scientific Method in Education, by William Clark Trow. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 159 pages. \$1.20.

WHEN we were very young, fashionable mammas and grandmammas used to frequent their favorite resorts to take the waters or certain famous cures. Nowadays, Flapper Jane's scarcely less flapper ancestors decide that not their livers, but their "unconscious" is deranged, and undergo the process of having it probed with the same fervor with which they endured the mud baths and starvation diets of an earlier day.

Now these conspicuous wasters of society reflect a shift in emphasis which in the fields of social and educational reform is of very real significance. A decade or so ago, it was the open season for eugenists and hygienists of every variety. "A sound mind in a sound body" was the rallying cry for a multitude of health movements, baby hygiene, child hygiene, dental hygiene, clean milk campaigns, visiting nurses, clinics for babies before they were born, nutrition clinics—one might continue indefinitely.

Today such matters are largely taken for granted. Thanks to the activities of state and federal bureaus, and of well endowed and efficient large national organizations, school children in even the most neglected districts can spell and even define "tonsils," "adenoids," "dental caries" and "vitamines." They are steadily forging ahead to the less familiar terms, "psychiatry" and "mental hygiene."

For therein lies the new emphasis in much modern educational practice. Under pressure, the schools began to concede that attention to the physical needs of children was essential if intellectual development was to proceed normally. But the more subtle problems in emotional adjustment, personality make-up, habits of response, were either overlooked entirely, or if they became too disturbing were turned over to the police officer or to the reform school. With the enormous growth of the mental hygiene movement, however, and the popularization of truths determined through psychological research, a new responsibility has been added to the many laid upon the schools. "It is becoming increasingly recognized," writes Howard Nudd in his admirable chapter on the visiting teacher movement in Mary Sayles's book, "that the emotional reactions of the child . . . play a vital part in the school's main purpose to train children for right and wholesome citizenship." The school, he says, must "undertake to handle the problems of behavior from the beginning of school life with the same energy that has characterized its efforts to understand and develop the intellectual and physical capacities of children."

For this task a different specialist is needed, not merely

the consulting psychiatrist who can diagnose existing personality defects, but a trained expert who can set about remedying them through marshaling the available resources in the school, the home and the community. For such work, which requires the skill of a trained craftsman, special equipment is needed. The visiting teacher, as this expert is usually called, is not merely a "friendly visitor," nor merely a conscientious teacher making the rounds of her pupils' homes. She is required to be of mature years, and to have had experience both as classroom teacher and social case worker, and in addition to have become familiar with the behavior and personality problems of children. Such specialists operating in a limited field for seventeen years in various cities have proved of such extraordinary value in saving to social usefulness many children who would otherwise have become burdens both to themselves and to society, that the Commonwealth Fund has included in its program for the prevention of delinquency a demonstration of the worth of such work in thirty communities throughout the country. At present there are 186 visiting teachers in sixty-four cities and six counties scattered through thirty-four states of the Union. Schools of social service are including training of such workers in their courses, and schools of education are taking cognizance of the worth to the teacher of the visiting teacher's approach to the child.

The three publications of the Commonwealth Fund here presented, describe three different phases of the visiting teacher movement. Of the three, Mary Sayles's book is by far the most readable and revealing. In it, told with skill, are narratives of maladjusted children and how their problems were handled by visiting teachers. Miss Sayles is specific as to causes of maladjustment; several stories turn on the complex phase of the authority-dependency relation between parent and child, the troubles due to spoiling and over-indulgence, to neglect and indifference, to uncertainty, to harshness, to extreme poverty. Other difficulties are traced to the feelings of inferiority induced by the inability of the child to rise to the level of his family's aspirations for him, by too early success, shattered by later failures, by unfavorable comparisons with brothers and sisters. Another section deals with questions of honesty, with stealing, with sexual problems of one sort or another. The variety of problems presented to the visiting teacher is thus shown to be infinite, as many almost as there are children.

Indeed it is this ministering to the child as an individual that gives the visiting teacher movement its unique value, and its insistence that the school no less than the home and the community make the adjustments necessary to set the child back in the path of normal development. One wishes that Miss Sayles, as well as the other authors of these reports, had been permitted to dwell somewhat on the implications of this individual treatment of the child, and what the schools will have to forfeit in the way of vested right and tradition, if the child, and not the school machinery is to be set first. But one must remember that the visiting teacher movement is still in the demonstration stage, and it is not always wise to trumpet ultimate aims too loudly.

Mr. Oppenheimer's book has the dulness of a doctor's thesis, but for the student it supplies useful information regarding the origin and administration of the movement, as well as its underlying philosophy. Miss Ellis's book is a fresh and sympathetic account of visiting teachers in Rochester, the only city to have a whole department of visiting teachers under the control of the Board of Education.

Many of the problems of the visiting teacher of course would be avoided were parents more generally intelligent. Dr. Bernard Glueck once rather harshly exclaimed that children need to be saved from their parents and teachers, particularly their parents. This is the common indictment brought by psychiatrists who trace one maladjusted personality after another to disastrous mistakes made by parents with very young children. Indeed, says Mr. Pierce, a practicing psychologist of long experience, "neurosis and insanity show a very alarming rate of increase in America, and it is the opinion of the majority of specialists in those subjects that our failures in child training are in part directly responsible."

Fortunately parents are taking these charges seriously as the mounting number of child study clubs and texts written for laymen on child psychology clearly show. Among such practical guidebooks, Mr. Pierce's volume must find its place. It is simply written, with quiet ease and much of the understanding of children for which he pleads. The root of this understanding he says lies in appreciating the fact that the child is born with no morals and with no initial capacity to reason, and that the mind at its outset is absorbed in its own ego. "We elders," says he, "having learned by long discipline to subject our wholly self-seeking impulses almost automatically to the criticism of reason and discretion, very seldom have a tenth of the patience and sympathy we ought to have for the struggle that is precipitated in the child." "When it comes to correction there is one golden principle—do not be in a hurry." There are countless other excellent passages, and a few of doubtful value, such as the section on auto-suggestion, or the suggestion that we should "convey to a child consistently even before it has seen a school-house a sense of respect and appreciation for all educators."

This suggestion is quite at variance with the one expressed by one of Mr. Hamilton's colleagues at Intervale. "We need," he declares, "a new children's crusade . . . a general strike of the children to convince the powers above us that education needs a revolutionary change in the personnel of its teacherhood. We need a new quality and calibre of teacher. . . ." Mr. Hamilton has tried to be such a new teacher, a teacher alive "to the artistry in teacherhood," which means seeing the artist, the creator in the boy, and giving him full scope for his development. In his discussion of this new relation between teacher and student, Mr. Hamilton is often thickly sentimental, but when he forgets himself and his too fervent desire to preach, and talks about boys, he is admirable. The real boy actually appears in the several pen sketches Mr. Hamilton releases from his journal. One wishes there were more of these and less of "mind stuff to soul stuff," of "chatty oneness," of "skins [that] seemed to sing like the morning stars" (following a snow bath) and other like fatuities.

Angelo Patri of course manages always to be human without being banal. He writes vividly, sunnily, quickly, sound truths about children and the necessity of different methods of approach to them. Your schools, parents, he writes, are "stingy and starved and pitiful and mean when measured in terms of what you might give your children did you set your minds upon it." He then proceeds to outline the kind of "school that everybody wants," a place "primarily of freedom, of expression, of thoroughness, of taste, of leisure. It is a house for children. In the old days, people had the queer idea that children ceased to live as children for the time they were in school . . . they were to take on the stiffness and deadness of age." Or

again, "It does not matter very much what the subjects are that you teach the child. It is the child that is important and not the subject matter. . . . The course of study is the child."

In this last sentence lies the kernel of the new educational philosophy. It is the principle that must inform the whole approach to that bugaboo of the teacher training school, the problem of *method*. This problem, says Doctor Kilpatrick, is two-fold: the narrow one, which we all know, and which is concerned merely with the one specific thing to be learned, such as spelling or grammar, and the wider one which attends to the child himself, and the ideals, attitudes and appreciations, satisfactions and dislikes built up in him as the specific learning proceeds. "While we are stressing arithmetic for example, our children are forming at the same time the very warp and woof of their moral characters. . . . Our highly artificial study of arithmetic and geography and physics has too often meant that the child lived but meagrely in and through the school studies. The practice of living that has in fact counted most for him has often been what he and his like starved fellows could contrive for themselves apart from their elders."

This thesis Dr. Kilpatrick develops with greatest care and through the unusual medium of imaginary conversations between the professor and his students. This conversational style, chosen partly, the author tells us, to stimulate more independent thinking, has the value of vividness but makes for harder reading. Laymen no less than students will find stimulating the chapters on interest, on purposeful activity, or why education is changing and the concluding questions. Dr. Kilpatrick has a knack for unsettling what has long been taken for granted: "Most so-called norms merely represent existing practice . . . whether they should be accepted as standards is quite another matter." "Separate subjects for children will have to go." "The common run of our city children nowadays are onlookers."

Trow's book on the scientific method in education is clear, careful, academic and tiresome.

AGNES DE LIMA.

Mary Benson and Son

Mother, by E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 248 pages. \$3.50.

E. F. BENSON'S *Mother* is an important work. Actually it is the second volume in his unique autobio-biography, his own story told from the point of view of membership in a brilliant family group. More intangibly it is a vindication of the literary ability of that Benson, who, somehow, never has "done himself justice"; who seems almost always to have fallen somewhere below the level of his artistic fulfillment.

Both in the first book of his chronicle, *Our Family Affairs*, and in the second, *Mother*, Mr. Benson's leading character is the family as a whole, while the mother becomes, in a sense, the essential background against which the different units of the family act out their parts. That he has made her the tissue of his reminiscences, yet never has exaggerated or sentimentalized her importance, gives credit to the author as man of letters.

In truth, however, the new book is not properly named to show all sides of that vigorous and charming, yet gentle and docile, personality whom people called Mary Benson. And yet, a sympathetic reader sees traces of a laughing,

whimsical young woman in a diary notation written when she was entering on the period of her sixties:

Last night, something prompted me to ask Lucy [Lucy Tait, her life-long friend] whether she considered me a grumbler. She said very promptly, "Yes." I asked, "Let 20 be the maximum grumbler, what mark do you give me?" and she answered, "15." . . . Have advancing years and changed and narrowed circumstances produced in me a smaller range, and a greater dislike to be bothered? As age draws on and death comes nearer, am I living more in the real existence, or less? Oh, do let me think.

This is, surely, a more mature reflection from the mind of that gay creature who starred in particular in one scene in *Our Family Affairs*. On this occasion, there was a strange and wonderful fairy, who stood before a fireplace and blew piercingly on a trumpet. And they brought in "E. F.," all eyes and childish astonishment, and the fairy Abracadabra gave him a birthday present, then vanished. Afterwards they took him to his mother's room and there she was, resting. Of course she wasn't Abracadabra!

But "Mother" of the later years is a quieter Mary, bruised a little by the unavoidable contacts with life and death, yet steadied by her trusting faith in a just and loving personal God; and soberer now as she looks back on the busy career which she shared when her husband was Archbishop of Canterbury. For:

To be in the middle of it all, to know what great things were going on, and to talk to those who geared and regulated the engines was a romance in her destiny. But through it all, if my father directly needed her, or if she could have served him by some sojourn in a remote and desolate fen, she would have bounced off, in the middle of all the hum and activity, to the nearest station, and left her luggage to follow her, not with the faintest shadow of regret at what she was missing, but with an ecstasy of anticipation as to what she could do for him when she got to her mournful destination.

Although the Mary Benson of *Mother* is no longer "in the middle of it all," she nevertheless is well towards the centre of English intellectual life, and her son makes this clear—not so much by actual word as by implication and "gossip." E. F. Benson is always at his full artistic stature when he dips his pen in "gossip." He is clear-sighted then as though he saw straight through the silly charming ways of people and knew the reasons for their actions. His *The Freaks of Mayfair*—delightful book!—alone would absolve him from his artistic sins. But how much more delightful his "gossip" becomes when it is his loving interpretation of those who were nearest and dearest to him.

When he chronicles the activities of the English nineties, he is "at it" again, and the result is a splendid contribution to the literature on that exciting period. His jottings on Bayreuth, which "in the summer of 1899, was like some stupendous comet once for a series of years coming brilliantly close to the earth, and then never appearing again"; on London, busily buzzing around the new Tchaikovsky, the audacious Beardsley, the incandescent Oscar Wilde; the breezy narrative of his adventures into contemporary English literature and of his own experiences in acquiring the art of writing (an art to which he never has quite attained, except in certain brief passages and in two or three books); his "gossip" on all these activities and the people who were concerned in them, make inimitable reading.

It is strange that Benson the novelist becomes impressively larger when he is judged not from the standpoint of his novels but by the suggestive strength with which he handles dramatic events in *Mother* and its companion volume. The story of the last years and the death of his brother Hugh prophesies in its fine narrative development an ability on the part of the writer to control his novels. Maggie Benson's tragic life—that record of keen intellectual activity, love, friendship, ill health, then at last insanity and utter blackness—also is mightily told. In such spots as these, and in a book like *Mother*, E. F. Benson writes in the ranks of outstanding English novelists.

MARGARET EVANS.

Dangerous Curves Ahead

The Origin of the Next War, by John Bakeless. New York: The Viking Press. 318 pages. \$2.50.

MR. BAKELESS is not an alarmist but his purpose in writing this book was evidently to jog us out of complacent security. The "war to end war" failed; the present world is strained at various points by forces similar to those which brought on other conflicts; and unless we take thought other catastrophes more terrible and equally unexpected will be upon us. The fundamental causes of wars, says the author, who has by previous works established his right to speak with some authority, are "population and the quest for food, raw materials and markets—which force modern nations into simultaneous expansion upon a limited planet and thus into armed collision with one another," and they are "as active today as ever they were."

He finds the present tensions in the general scramble for expansion among industrial nations, in the tangle of British, French, Italian, Greek and Slavic paths to glory along the lanes of the Mediterranean, in the discomfort of naturally landlocked nations such as Poland, in the nests of irredentism left in "Balkanized Europe," and in the tempting markets of Asia.

Most of these situations are described with sober care, but in side-swipes at foolish humanity the irony is sometimes allowed to lapse into facetiousness. In outlining some problems he follows popular exaggerations as in attributing great wealth of coal, iron and oil to China. The existence on the ground of the materials for an industrial exploitation of China is a debatable point although Mr. Bakeless might well say that a common belief in their existence is sufficient to bring on trouble.

The book goes beyond showing the discouraging "essential identity between pre- and post-war conditions." It points out new elements of danger in the growing resentments among exploited peoples, especially in the East, and it recalls to our minds how often wars have been avoided by the very narrowest margins at times when ordinary lives in the nations involved were tranquilly undisturbed. It succeeds in giving war its true character as a very present danger in all international affairs.

To escape, says Mr. Bakeless, is simple. "We need but study the underlying causes of modern war, spread a knowledge of them among the people who must do the fighting, demonstrate the relatively slight chances of profit in warfare under modern conditions—and suppress the peace-at-any-price folk, whose emotionalism interferes with the strenuous intellectual endeavor such a task requires. Given an intelligent comprehension of the issues at stake plus ordinary good will, we should be rid of most of our difficulties—"

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One hesitates to agree that the remedy, so stated, is simple. Toward present efforts to take thought, such as the League of Nations and the World Court, Mr. Bakeless is lukewarm; toward the Washington Disarmament Conference he is positively contemptuous. Modern nations are "forced," he says, into simultaneous, competitive expansion. It is difficult to believe that a mere knowledge of our headlong slide, even tempered by "ordinary good will," could suffice to check it. If the expansive forces are really coercing us, perhaps the best we can do is to fight for the "relatively slight chances of profit."

The gist of the matter, which Mr. Bakeless has either failed to grasp or has slurred over in presentation, is that if such a fundamental urge toward mutually destructive expansion exists it must be resisted. We need not only comprehension but renunciation. A more profound analysis might perhaps dig down to other causes of war. If this diagnosis is correct the remedy can only be a willingness to renounce, in part at least, our industrialism, our love of growth and power and physical ease. "Emotionalism" may not be so much an impediment after all for we shall need to summon motives which go beyond the intellectual recognition of unpleasant facts.

LYMAN BRYSON.

The Farthing Spinster, by Catherine Dodd. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

THE most persuasive of Miss Dodd's three heroines, identically named, is the Jellis Farthing who discovered in a secret compartment of her escritoire an ancient parchment inscribed with these direful words: "Let no femail chylde of a Farthyng take the accursed name of Jellis. . . . Never will shee gain a spouse, but end her days a lonelie spinster." As foretold, the blight fell upon her life when a cherished niece eloped with the man to whom Miss Farthing had pledged her love. Decades circle past, and a second Jellis Farthing loses her fiancé to another thieving young relative. The third Jellis employs a fetish of modern psychology against the family symbol of witchcraft, but the amenable young man of her choice dies in an accident.

Under the stress of frustrated love the hearts of these Farthing ladies show remarkable agility in making compensatory adjustments; the book might also be charged with an over-provision of machinating nieces. But the standards of realism do not apply to Miss Dodd's exquisitely decorated romance. Its mood is fancifully remote and keyed to the period in which the story opens. a gracious age of stage-coaches, archery, candle-light and frail-toned spinets.

J. R.

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